

FEB 24 1942

# Rotarian

## MARCH

**SIR NORMAN ANGELL**

Shall the Next  
Peace Also Fail?

**JAMES MONTAGNES**

Canada Keeps Faith  
With Its Indians

**ROTARY TODAY**

The Board Offers  
A Plan for Action

**DEBATE-OF-MONTH**

Lower Income  
Tax Exemption?

**PICTURES**

- Banquet  
At Batavia
- West from  
Winnipeg

# 1942

Chief Wapashanawap Photo by JOHN KARE



The Old Mission Bell over the arch and entrance to Hermit's Rest on the south rim of the Grand Canyon.

## FIDELITY

**T**HE bell—the true symbol of sound—its ring has stirred the hearts of men in victory and devotion—its tone rings true. The bell is to sound what the camera is to sight whose lens captivates the fleeting scene—a bird perched on a willow branch—a streamlined train roaring down a ribbon of steel.

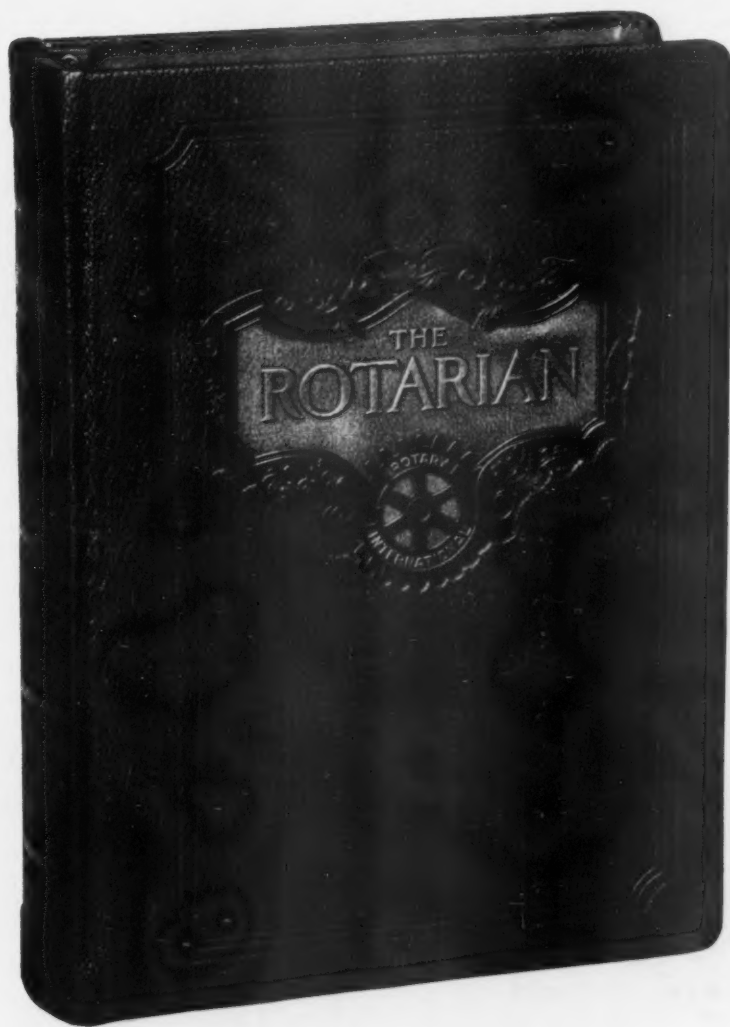
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For six weeks last Summer, Swiss Rotarians entertained and "overfed" 138 lads from occupied France. How these boys returned to their homes heavier, healthier, happier, is told in your—

## April Rotarian

Old France was transplanted to Canada two centuries ago. Tourists are delighted with the quaintness of Quebec. Read about it in your—

## April Rotarian

On the edge of this bit of Old France, at Callander, Ontario, the famed Dionne quintuplets were born eight years ago. What they have taught sage, bluff Dr. Allen Roy Dafoe, who brought them into this world and attended them since, he tells in your—

April

ROTARIAN

## Comment on ROTARIAN Articles by ROTARIAN Readers



### Scratchpad Man Slipped

Says C. J. McNEELY, Groceries Broker  
President, Rotary Club  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

In your February issue The Scratchpad Man told how he slipped off to our town and covered our 18th annual Rotary Ice Carnival. 'Twas a good story and we all appreciate it. But he slipped on a couple of points as well as on the ice. So I'd like to slip in a footnote to prop him up.

First of all, he might well have given credit to the late Jeff R. Lydiatt—first of our Rotary Club and later of Chicago's—for giving us the Ice Carnival idea. He suggested it, knowing the Canadian's great natural interest in Winter sports, as a new way to raise funds for our extensive community services. Until then we had levied direct assessments upon the members—which limited what we could do. Now the whole town helps swell the fund—and shares in the satisfactions of doing good work. In past years, Ice Carnival proceeds have gone to help underprivileged children.

A "nice hand" should also have gone to the Kitsilano Boys' Band, the smart and famous organization that has made the music for our Carnival for 12 consecutive years. (I understand that The Scratchpad Man didn't have a photo of it, however.)

I'm pleased to report, also, that the proceeds are even larger than The Scratchpad Man's estimate. They will reach at least \$10,500 and will bring the total which the Rotary Clubs of British Columbia have already contributed to the Queen's Canadian Fund for air-raid victims to more than \$30,000.

### Kipling Korrected

By WILFRED S. WILSON, Rotarian  
Coal Retailer  
Napanee, Ontario, Canada

In 1897 Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem calling Canada "Our Lady of the Snows." Ever since, Canadians have spent a great deal of effort in correcting the impression among some peoples of other countries that Canada is a snow-bound, barren region.

Our friends from the United States who have visited this country in such large numbers, and enjoyed the many Summer recreations available here, have helped greatly to dispel this erroneous impression. We were just beginning to feel that at last Canada's climatic and natural advantages were being properly recognized.

Then we opened the January issue of THE ROTARIAN and found an article entitled *We Canadians*, by Stephen Lea-

cock, and in explanation of the title and right beside it, and occupying more than half the page, are pictures of charming Indian squaws and intrepid Eskimo sailors.

The impression created is at least misleading, but, of course, when we turn the page and follow through the very excellent article, that first impression is duly corrected.

We don't know whom to blame for this very unfortunate, though interesting, setup, but we hope that Rotarians visiting the international Convention at Toronto next June won't feel it necessary to bring along moccasins or fur-lined ear muffs.

### Reciprocity in Dollars

Urged by A. D. ARMSTRONG, Rotarian  
Peach Grower  
Lewiston, N. Y.-Queenston, Ont.

Canadian Newsreel [February ROTARIAN] and other articles on Canada appearing in our magazine these months remind us that soon Rotarians will be convening in Toronto, Ontario—in June. Rotarians from the United States will find their dollars usable without discount.

Which reminds me that I heard a speaker from Washington, D. C., some time ago say that he was in favor of reciprocity between Canada and the United States. I suggested that we should start with currency. These two countries are friendly neighbors and are being more closely bound together as time goes forward. However, this is one question which has always puzzled me. American dollars (with one exception) have always been accepted and acceptable at par anywhere in Canada, but Canadian dollars have never been accepted and acceptable at par in the United States except in some border points. I can remember my first visit to Washington, D. C., over 35 years ago and nowhere would anyone accept my money. In getting American money at a bank, I was charged 10 percent discount—which did not add to the pleasure of my visit.

Canadians want to visit the United States and I believe the United States wants us to come, but so long as Canadian money is not accepted in the United States, how can Canadians be expected to visit the United States to the extent desired?

After this war is ended I would like to see this currency question thoroughly investigated and some action adopted by Rotary International in the hope that Canadian dollars will be acceptable anytime, anywhere, in the United States as are United States dollars in Canada. As



good neighbors, I believe we should be glad and willing to accept each other's money at all times.

## Rotary and a World to LIVE In

By ROBERT MCELROY  
Honorary Rotarian  
Charlottesville, Virginia

I am tempted by your very interesting series *A World to LIVE In* (see page 8, this issue) to submit these thoughts:

If the Rotarian is looking for an instrument of preparation for the peace which is coming, let him look about himself. Rotary International is an almost ideal instrument.

The Rotarian, as a Rotarian, is free from the limitations of politics, of nationality, of race, of any business or profession. He is just a man looking at great problems from an international point of view; and of such are the builders of any peace that can endure.

Nationalistic minds cannot solve international problems; and science has so drawn together the interests of the nations that all problems are, in a sense, international problems. But few minds are international minds, and still fewer organizations are international in purpose or in spirit.

If in this hour of supreme crisis, but supreme opportunity, Rotary International will set its vast, and still more vast potentially, machine to one production—that of international minds schooled to think in terms as broad as its title, in terms as wide as man's economic connections—it can perform an incalculable service for the cause that is every man's cause.

We can never succeed in planning a peaceful international future by the use of nationalistic minds. As Thoreau once symbolically said, "The sun cannot rise on one valley alone."

But we dare not assume that "right is strong and must prevail." It is our solemn duty to make it prevail, cost what it may in "blood, sweat, and tears." Our cause, the freedom of men everywhere in the world, is the nobler cause, but to defend it ours must be the broader vision, the more compelling devotion.

## Re: Ceiling on Wages

From E. T. HARRIS, Rotarian  
President, Payson Manufacturing Co.  
Chicago, Illinois

In the debate-of-the-month *Ceiling on Wages?* [January issue], both writers avoided comment upon the situation developed by the lack of "ceiling" in railroad wages. The story, though clearly written, seems by most either never to have been read or forgotten.

No advance in wages that deprives a large proportion of workers involved is beneficial to society. President Woodrow Wilson and Samuel Gompers jointly in 1917 raised railroad wages to about three times as much as manufacturers could afford to pay. Much more than farmers could pay.

In 1917, railroads employed 4 million people; by 1930 the number was 960,000—thus 17 million people who had previously lived comfortably, well housed, well fed, and clothed were without sustenance. [Continued on page 52]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

## CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME  
AWAITS YOU AT  
**CANADA'S  
ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS**

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NIAGARA FALLS, Canada—General Brock  
Rotary meets Tuesday  
HAMILTON, Ont.—Royal Connaught  
Rotary meets Thursday  
WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward  
Rotary meets Monday

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## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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BIRMINGHAM—TUTWILER. 500 rooms. Direction Dinkler Hotels. Excellent service. R. Burt Orndorff, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Wednesday, 12:30.

ARIZONA  
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MIAMI'S finest  
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TAMPA—HILLSBORO. See and Enjoy Florida From Tampa's Hotel Hillsboro—300 Spacious Rooms. Single \$2-\$4; Double \$4-\$7. RM Tuesdays 12:15. John M. Crandall, Mgr.

## GEORGIA

ATLANTA—ANSLEY HOTEL. 400 rooms of solid comfort in the downtown section. A Dinkler Hotel. L. L. Tucker, Jr., Res. Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Monday, 12:30.

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## ILLINOIS (Continued)

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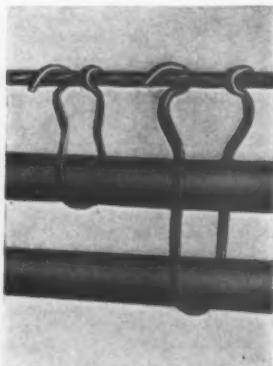


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They meet every requirement—

- Installation is easy anywhere, either in congested areas or in rough country districts where lines do not follow the highway.
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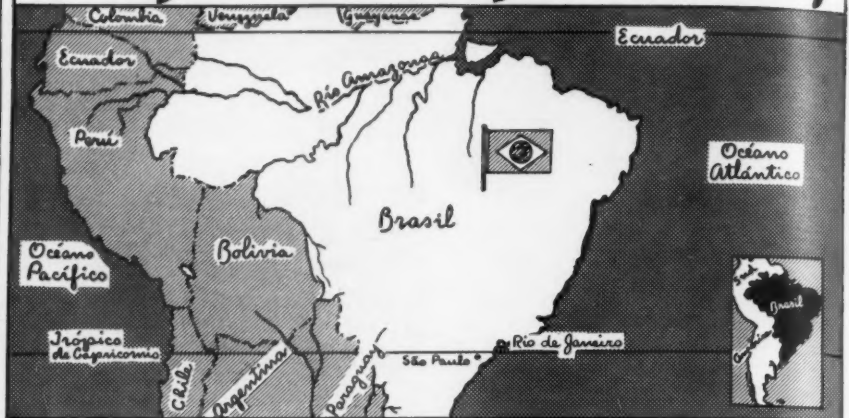
Note how easily two cables can be hung on single strand



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## Brazil Is a Big Country



### Little Lessons on Latin America

No. 3

**BRAZIL** covers about three-sevenths of all South America. It is larger than the United States, excluding Alaska.

The famous *Line of Demarcation* set by Pope Alexander VI in 1493 gave Portugal the territory east of the 52nd meridian west (approximately), which includes the coast of Brazil. Hence Brazil became a Portuguese colony, and is still Portuguese-speaking.

Brazil was discovered in 1500 by Pedro Alvares Cabral. On January 1, 1502, the bay at Rio de Janeiro was discovered.

When Napoleon conquered Portugal in 1807, the King, Dom João VI, fled to Rio de Janeiro and set up an empire there. When he returned to Portugal, he left his son Dom Pedro in charge of the New World empire; when ordered to return, Dom Pedro instead established the Brazilian Empire. In 1889 the Empire fell and the United States of Brazil was formed, with a constitution patterned after that of the United States.

Though rubber originally came from Brazil, commercial production there has dwindled, though it is now being brought back by the establishment of plantations. Brazil is the world's largest producer of coffee, and also produces corn, cotton, sugar, rice, cacao, gold, diamonds (particularly black ones for mining drills), iron (the greatest potential supply in the world), manganese.

Brazil's population of some 44 million is about that of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New England combined. In the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the capital, all ships now afloat could safely anchor at once! São Paulo, second city, is near the coffee port of Santos. Manaus is a seaport 1,000 miles up the Amazon River.

Rotary began in Brazil in 1922, with the Club at Rio de Janeiro. On February 1, 1942, there were 102 Rotary Clubs in Brazil, with an estimated 2,300 members—one of whom is Armando de Arruda Pereira, of São Paulo, Immediate Past President of Rotary International.

The attention of readers who desire to perfect themselves in Spanish is called to *REVISTA ROTARIA*, Spanish-language edition of *THE ROTARIAN*.

**BRASIL** ocupa casi tres séptimas partes de Sud América. Es más grande que los Estados Unidos, excluida Alaska.

La famosa *Línea de Demarcación* establecida por el Papa Alejandro VI en 1493 dió a Portugal el territorio al este del meridiano 52 oeste (aproximadamente), que comprende la costa del Brasil. Así Brasil vino a ser una colonia portuguesa, y todavía habla portugués.

Brasil fué descubierto en 1500 por Pedro Alvares Cabral. El 1o. de enero de 1502 fué descubierta la bahía de Río Janeiro.

Cuando Napoleón conquistó a Portugal en 1807, el rey Don Juan VI huyó a Río Janeiro y estableció allí la corte. A su regreso a Portugal, dejó a su hijo Don Pedro a cargo del imperio del Nuevo Mundo; quien, al ordenársele regresar, en lugar de hacerlo, fundó el Imperio del Brasil. En 1889 cayó el Imperio y se crearon los Estados Unidos del Brasil, con una constitución semejante a la de los Estados Unidos de Norte América.

Aunque el caucho originalmente se obtuvo del Brasil, su producción comercial ha decaído, por más que ahora aumenta de nuevo mediante plantaciones. Brasil es el productor más importante de café del mundo, y produce también maíz, algodón, azúcar, arroz, cacao, oro, diamantes (especialmente diamantes negros para taladros mineros), hierro (la producción potencial mayor del mundo) y manganeso.

La población del Brasil, de unos 44 millones, corresponde aproximadamente a las de Nueva York, Nueva Jersey, Pensilvania, Ohio y Nueva Inglaterra combinadas. ¡En el puerto de Río Janeiro podrían anclar a la vez todos los barcos que actualmente surcan los mares! São Paulo, la segunda ciudad en importancia, está próxima al puerto cafetero de Santos. Manaos es puerto marítimo a más de 1,000 millas Río Amazonas arriba.

Rotary se fundó en Brasil en 1922, con el Club de Río Janeiro. El 1o de febrero de 1942 había en Brasil, 102 Rotary clubs con unos 2,300 socios—entre ellos Armando de Arruda Pereira, de São Paulo, ex presidente inmediato de Rotary International.

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## Among Those Present—

SIR NORMAN ANGELL, British-born, spent his youth in the United States, first as a prospector and ranch hand in the West, then passed to newspaper work, and returned to England as correspondent for American newspapers. He has been a frequent visitor to



Angell

American shores ever since. His books number more than a score; he has lectured all over the world. In 1933 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Under the pen name of HILTON GREGORY, the author, while a minister in Texas, began contributing to *The American Mercury*. For 15 years that signature has served him well, appearing in many magazines on a variety of subjects. The present article is "a change of pace" for him, as he is now an editor.

A constant reader of THE ROTARIAN, to which her Rotarian husband subscribes, GRACE MCILLRATH ELLIS makes her bow in its pages this month. She has, however, written for other magazines previously. This subject seemed to her to be particularly apt for our magazine, and the Editors agree.

JAMES MONTAGNES, a Canadian newspaperman, has appeared in our pages before. His signed stories are featured in "magazine sections" of many United States papers, and in British and American magazines.

A pioneer in personnel work in industry, KENDALL WEISIGER, of Atlanta, Georgia, is a member of Rotary International's Committee on Research As to Participation of Rotarians in Post-War World Reconstruction.

To focus attention on the arguments for and against broadening the income tax and not on the personalities who uphold or oppose, we have combined the leading arguments on either side under the by-lines of RICHARD YOE and JOHN NOE.

—THE CHAIRMEN.

## THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

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Business and Advertising Manager: Paul Teetor

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Photo: Harris & Ewing



SUPREME COURT Justice Stanley Reed, honorary member of Maysfield, Ky., Club.

Photo: Charles Aylett



H. J. CARMICHAEL—Canada's new director general of gun and tank production and president of War Supplies, Ltd. He is an active member at Oshawa, Ont.



Photo: Ira L. Hill



FOUNDER of the new Chicago Sun, Marshall Field III, honorary at Huntington, N. Y.

Photo: Nakash



F. L. JECKELL, Montreal Rotarian, is director general of the new Industry and Subcontract Coördination Branch of Canada's Department of Munitions and Supply.



Photo: Acme

GENERAL Douglas MacArthur, gallant commander of beleaguered United States forces in The Philippines, is, as the accompanying clipping reports, now an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Manila. Presumably, enough Manila Rotarians are in or behind the defending lines to meet as a Club.

### Rotary Honors MacArthur; Too Busy to Attend Meeting

ON BATAAN FRONT, Philippines, Feb. 2 (AP).—Gen. Douglas MacArthur was voted an honorary member of the Manila Rotary club today when the group met in a mountain grove amid the rumble of heavy artillery. The general had a few duties elsewhere, however, and was unable to accept the honor personally.

LEFT: Richard Crooks, famed tenor—first honorary member of The Pocono Mountains, Pa., Rotary Club. . . . Right: Ellsworth Vines, professional tennis player, new active Rotarian at Pasadena, Calif.



Photo: Wide World



Photo: Acme

# Rotary Today

By Tom J. Davis

President, Rotary International

*The President transmits two statements adopted by the Board of Directors at its recent meeting in Chicago.*

**R**OTARIANS are realists as well as idealists. The hundreds of letters which I as President of Rotary International am privileged to receive, attest that fact. So, I believe, do two statements unanimously adopted by the Board of Directors of Rotary International at its recent meeting. Both of these statements will be reviewed by the coming Rotary Convention at Toronto next June and in fact one of them is proposed by the Board as a Resolution for adoption by the Convention. Without attempting to prejudge any action by the Convention, I feel that the importance of these statements warrants bringing them to the attention of all Rotarians now.

The first statement, as adopted by the Board, amplifies and extends the famous pronouncement, *Rotary Amid World Conflict*, adopted at the Havana Convention in 1940, and reads as follows:

#### Rotary and a World at War

The membership of Rotary International consists of Rotary Clubs. These Clubs are autonomous within the limits of the Constitution and By-Laws. The Clubs of Rotary International are composed of individual members with qualifications set forth in the Constitution. The basic principle upon which Rotary is built is service rendered by Rotary Clubs through the activity of their individual members.

The Board maintains its conviction that the full attainment of the Rotary ideal, "Service," can only be achieved in countries where there is liberty of the individual, in freedom of thought, speech, and assembly, freedom of worship, freedom from persecution and aggression, and freedom from want and fear. Where this liberty does not exist Rotary cannot live.

The Board of Directors of Rotary International emphasizes the belief that every Rotarian will be a loyal and serving citizen of his own country and that as such he will do everything within his power to bring this war to a speedy end.

Rotarians the world over are urged to prepare themselves and the people of the communities in which they live to do their part in helping to build a post-war world reconstruction program free from persecution and revenge.

In this statement the Board has attempted to set down what Rotary Clubs and Rotarians believe. It is clear, it is definite, it is forthright.

However, in our fellowship it has been frequently said that Rotary is not merely a state of mind—that he who serves must act; and that Rotary undertakes to inspire men to realize fully their individual capacity for patriotic citizenship in their states and nations.

Thus we come to the second statement, in the form of a resolution similar to one adopted by Rotary International during the first World War. It pertains to applying Rotary's Ideal of Service—more specifically what we term Community Service—to the new opportunities created by war. Ever since July, 1937, when hostilities broke out in China, an increasing number of Clubs have been discovering outlets for patriotism [see page 46]. To encourage them and provide them with helpful coöperation the Board proposes action as follows:

#### Clubs in National Service

Whereas in the present disturbed, unsettled, or belligerent condition of all countries in which there are Rotary Clubs it is advisable to encourage patriotic service by Rotarians and Rotary Clubs wherever they may be located,

And whereas the Clubs of all countries are looking to the central organization of Rotary International for coöperation and leadership in their patriotic work,

It is resolved by Rotary International, assembled in its 33rd annual Convention, that in the conduct of the affairs of this organization, its officers, in addition to their general service to all Rotary Clubs as individual Clubs, shall be permitted and expected to make themselves of service in particular to the member Clubs in any nation, such service to be rendered at such time and in such manner as may be approved by the Board of Directors of Rotary International, and providing further that the spirit of such service to the member Clubs may

be reflected in the editorial conduct of the organization's official publication, and

It is further resolved that during the present emergency the Secretariat of Rotary International with the approval of the President shall respond to calls for service as a clearinghouse or center of communication for the Clubs of each nation in which there are Rotary Clubs when it seems advisable to do so in conformity with the wishes of the Clubs or their Governments or recognized quasi-official organizations.

The Board agrees that in the interim between the January, 1942, Board meeting and the 1942 Convention, the officers of Rotary International and international Secretariat shall function in matters of national service in harmony with the provisions of the foregoing Proposed Resolution.

I call special attention to the concluding paragraph of the foregoing statement for it provides *immediately* for a clearinghouse of information and help for Rotary Clubs engaging in "national service" activities.

**A**ND now may I refer back to the final paragraph of the first statement, *Rotary and a World at War*. It not only deals realistically with present conditions, but it looks forward to that post-war day when Rotary will be needed even more than now. Then our entire world will be in an unhappy plight comparable to that of my own country when at the close of its great civil war the immortal Lincoln declared:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

There is a time to fight for home and heritage, for ideals and traditions, and common decency—and that time is now. But the time will come when our task will be to construct a peaceful and enduring world order.



## Shall the Next Peace Also Fail?

By Sir Norman Angell

Nobel Peace Prize Winner of 1933

*This article by the distinguished British author is seventh in the 'A World to LIVE In' series on post-war reconstruction problems.*

**T**WENTY-THREE years ago the nations fighting Germany obtained complete victory, and then so used their victory in the years which followed that within two decades the world was at war again. The nations now fighting Germany will once more have victory. Will they again so misuse it that the next victory, like the last, will in a decade or two have to be fought all over again? Will the old errors of peacemaking once more be repeated?

What, we ask, have we to do that this thing shall not happen again? What is the least price that men must pay for peace? What must we do to make the projects of peace indicated in the talks of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, in the labors of scholars, more workable than projects of a quarter of a century ago?

When the present President and Prime Minister issue their Eight Points and speak of "access on equal terms to the trade and to the raw materials of the world," does this mean that the United States must sacrifice the freedom to erect those tariffs which she believes to be necessary to defend the economic standards of her workers? Or that those tariffs can be vetoed by some international body in which the United States of Amer-

ica shall be in permanent minority?

And the four freedoms—"everywhere in the world." Does this mean that we must find means of compelling other nations to respect minority rights; must somehow compel them to be democratic, tolerant, liberal? Somehow insure their peoples a certain minimum standard of life? If so, what is the machinery by which such ends can be attained?

Another league? But the League failed. A federation of democracies? But if such a federation includes the 20 Latin Republics of the Western Hemisphere, its democracy may sometimes be questioned; if it excludes them, the Good Neighbor policy will be strained.

Those are the kinds of questions to which serious-minded citizens these days should seek answer.

At the outset, a preliminary warning should be shouted—repeatedly—from the house tops. Men have a strangely obstinate belief that salvation is to be found in the right kind of plan, scheme, blueprint, bill of rights, constitution of the Brave New World. Once find the right "plan" or constitution, they seem to argue, and you will have solved the problem.

But constitutions of themselves never brought peace, even to peo-





"FOR YEARS in Britain newspapers maintained such slogans as 'Let Us Mind Our Own Business,' 'Keep Out of the Continent.'"

maintained such slogans as "Let Us Mind Our Own Business," "Keep Out of the Continent."

In other words, the fundamental convictions necessary for any form of international coöperation had not been established, had too often been overlooked in the discussion of detail.

If certain primary truths, certain necessary elementary principles of life together in the world, had been recognized by Britain and France, peace could have been maintained without any league at all, though some sort of league or constitution or society of nations would have grown out of that recognition. One can indeed say that if *one* particular fundamental truth having to do with the maintenance of civilization had been recognized by the British and French peoples, this tragedy would not have come upon the world.

Since what is to happen in the future, the kind of peace and the kind of world, which is to follow this war, all depend upon the degree to which that one truth is recognized (first of all by the British and American peoples), it is worth a little effort to get it clear, though it is so little obscure as to be self-evident. If we cannot be sure of this one principle as the core of our future policy, nothing else is worth discussion.

What is the primary "right" of

ple of the same nation. In the 19th Century there were certain republics of the Western Hemisphere which for whole generations were racked by revolution, bloodshed, cruelty, chaos. They knew no peace, these Latin-American Republics, though, it so happens, they all had very good Constitutions, many of them modelled on that of the United States of America. But the fact of possessing such a Constitution did not give them the peace enjoyed by the people of the United States.

And Americans do not owe their relative internal peace, their law and order, merely, or mainly, to the form of their Constitution. As one American historian has very suggestively remarked, the men who founded that republic and carried it forward were men who would have made any constitution work. Indeed the British manage to get pretty fair results of peace, and order, and stability within their nation without any constitution or blueprint in the American sense at all. They have no written document—just a mass of precedent constantly being changed (in fact if not in form) as the circumstances demand. But it works.

The history of the last 20 years

in Europe and Asia proves that the tragic errors which brought the nations of the world to their present pass have been due, not to the fact that such plan or blueprint as they had (as, for instance, in the League) was in itself defective, but that Governments and peoples refused, when it came to the point, to fulfill obligations which were necessary if any constitution, any league, any federation, was to work. They refused because certain primary questions of principle had (and have) remained unanswered.

I recall so vividly how, during the last war, some of us in Europe (and the United States) labored weeks, months, years, over the details of a League Constitution, so as to get them "just right." And when it failed, as it did, it was not because those details were defective (though they may have been), but because large sections of the public, and so of vote-seeking Governments in Britain and France, did not really want any league at all, however good; did not see the need of it, did not want, as they would put it, to "interfere in quarrels that did not concern them," to be mixed up in the affairs of others. For years in Britain great popular newspapers

all upon which all others, quite obviously and self-evidently, depend?

It is, of course, the right to life, existence, the right not to be killed, tortured, wiped out, destroyed. It applies to nations as to persons. If that right is not assured, no others have any value. To tell a man that he will have freedom of speech, security in his possessions, but that any neighbor who differs from him and desires his property may kill him and nothing will be done to prevent it, sounds very like a bad joke. For nations solemnly to confer about right of access to raw materials and markets, so that all nations may be assured "freedom from want" (one of the four freedoms), but for all to refuse to take any action whatever to defend a nation threatened with simple extinction by a ruthless neighbor, is to reduce any proclamation of right so conditioned to simple nonsense.

**F**IRST things first, and the first right is the right to life. Without that, none other can have any reality.

Now there are certain features about that right which we should recognize as self-evident. The first is that unless it is defended collectively, by a considerable number acting against attack on the principle that all stand for each, it cannot be defended at all. For if those threatened by violence and aggression do *not* act collectively, helping each other in mutual defense, then some strong attacker can pick them off one by one, knowing that he will not have to face the combined strength of those he would subdue. The only

effective reply to "one by one" attack is "all-together defense."

Suppose each of us said, "I will defend myself against robbers, but will assume no responsibility for the defense of others; will pay no taxes for a police force, detectives, courts. If a stranger is murdered, I shall refuse to stick my nose into other people's quarrels by inquiring whether he deserved his fate, or what the quarrel was about. Let other people attend to their own business and I will attend to mine." If each argued that way, no one would or could be safe.

That simple and familiar truth means that the most elementary, the most fundamental, of all human rights, the right to existence, can only be made secure in the peace days ahead if men recognize and act upon the obligation to defend others.

There is a second fact about this right: It must be defended on behalf of good and bad alike, unless the badness takes the form of attack upon others.

Under American law the murder of a communist by a respectable businessman would still be murder, for the reason that if respectable businessmen were free to kill those whom they regarded as communistic, the law would end by failing to protect respectable businessmen.

There is a third fact about this right: If it is known beforehand that collective force will defend it, the use of that force will very seldom be necessary, because the prospective aggressor will know that he is up against more than he can tackle.

Lloyd George was once asked whether the first World War could have been prevented, and replied

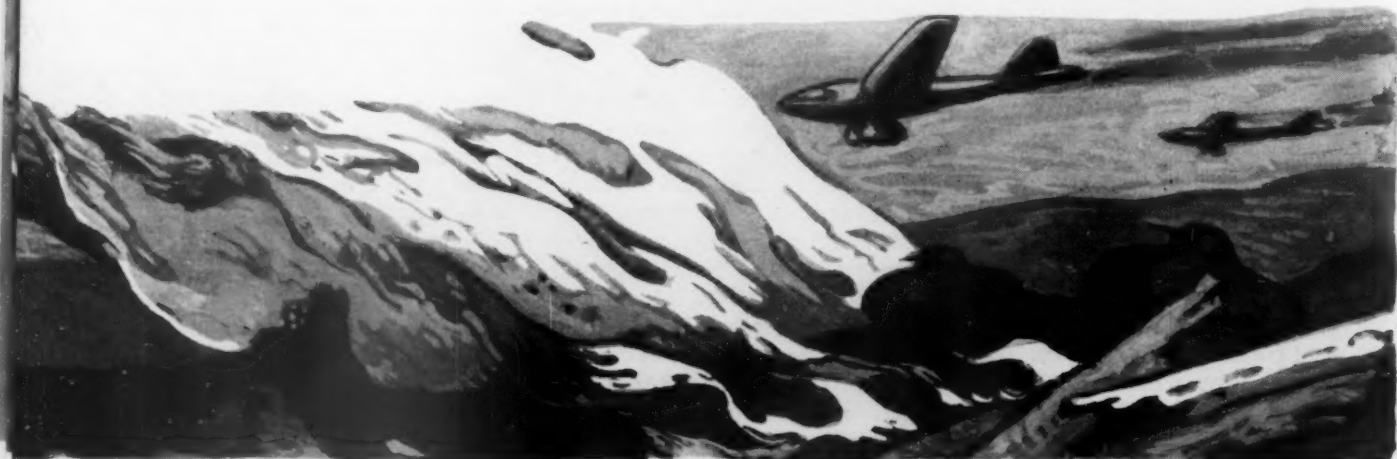
instantly, without hesitation, "Yes. If Germany had known beforehand that the result of following the policy she was following would be to bring against her the vast array of power she finally confronted, she would not have followed that policy and there would have been no war." Put it this way: If those who in any case were compelled at long last to fight Germany had had the courage and prescience to indicate beforehand the things which would cause them to fight, no fighting would have been necessary.

**Y**ET so little was that tragic lesson, the most outstanding of all the lessons of the Great War, learned that it was the selfsame blindness which produced this war. If Britain, even Britain alone, had been prepared to say ten years ago that she would do exactly what she is now doing, she would never have had to do it; the world would not now be at war.

Today, in the hour of her peril, and out of her own dire needs, Britain extends aid to China and to Russia. Yet ten years ago, before Germany was rearmed, Britain flatly refused the aid to China she now gives.

Recently, British armies were fighting and British ships were being sunk in the defense of Ethiopia. Yet in 1935 the British Foreign Minister declared he would not risk a single ship for Ethiopia, and his colleagues made it plain that they regarded any interference with Mussolini as gratuitous war mongering.

Are we forever to refuse to face such elementary truths, particularly the most elementary of all, that every right involves for its



defense some corresponding obligation; and that the right of a nation—or, for that matter, of a person—to life involves the obligation to defend that right on behalf of others? That if we will not defend others, we shall in the end be unable to defend ourselves?

It is obviously impossible to answer the question, What is the price of peace? What must we do to be saved?, without stressing the truths just indicated. For those truths are the first condition of peace. And if we reject them, no plan, no scheme, no blueprint, no constitution, however cunningly devised, can possibly succeed.

We in Europe have attempted in the past to evade this primary obligation to do our share in the defense of the victim of violence on the ground that no nation would be guilty of violence or aggression if it were fairly treated, if its just grievances were remedied, its needs met. But the greatest grievance of a nation is insecurity, its greatest need defense.

Again and again at the Peace Conference in Paris this sort of situation arose: A nation would claim territory which obviously did not belong to it. On behalf of justice, and so of peace, it was asked to forego the claim. The claimant would then point out that by including this alien territory it got things necessary for defense—an easily defended frontier, raw materials—adding in effect this: "If we make the frontier you—the Conference, the Big Four—desire, we shall be weak,

open to attack. If we accede to your request, and then, as the result of our consequent weakness, we are attacked, will you defend us?" The answer was usually a mumble or a decisive "No." "In that case," in effect replied the claimant in question, "we shall stick to this territory and this strategic frontier, even if it does strain the principle of nationality. Survival comes first; self-preservation is the law of life."

*The precondition of peace or justice is security.*

Given that one primordial condition, many of the other difficulties which haunt us may be-

come soluble. Take tariffs. Americans ask, "Does international coöperation and peace involve the disappearance of economic independence, the surrender of tariffs?" That some surrender of independence will have to be made is certain, but the example of the nations of the British Commonwealth reveals how great a measure of economic and political independence can be retained if once the principle of coöperation for defense is assured.

Nine States within the ring of the British Commonwealth have now tariff-making rights. Britain has been ready enough to accept

"IF THOSE threatened by violence and aggression do not act collectively, helping each other in mutual defense, some strong attacker can pick them off one by one."





the right of Canada or Australia or South Africa to erect tariffs even against herself, to allow those States complete fiscal independence as long as their coöperation in defense is secured. Once that is assured, reciprocal economic arrangements become much easier, because Britain knows that in fact she will have access to, say, Canadian nickel for defensive purposes, even though authority over it is vested in the Canadian, and not in the British, Parliament.

The respective chance of success for two differing approaches to peace may be indicated thus: Suppose you were to draw up the best possible plan of federation or confederation for 15 or 20—or 50—nations, providing in its many and intricate clauses for every possible contingency, and were to take that draft constitution to the Congress of the United States and the Parliaments of Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, the Scandinavian States, The Netherlands, Czecho-Slovakia, a dozen other countries. You would have long and bitter parliamentary debates. The end might be rejection.

But note what a different method of approach to increasing coöperation was actually achieved before December 7, 1941. Mere defense—that is to say, security and peace—demanded a certain step like the occupation by American forces of British territory. It was an extremely radical step, and it had never happened before that a great nation should say to a neighbor, "Come and establish your power on our territory, within our lines." But the British took this radical step readily and willingly.

Then the United States just as willingly did something just as radical: it assumed a large part of the defense budget of neighboring nations. The United States, Canada, Britain, thus had made a beginning of pooling their defense costs; there is a United States-Canadian Board of Defense.

We shall not retrace those steps; America will not withdraw from British territory; Britain won't ask her to. Other similar untraceable steps have been taken, will be taken. And one day some half dozen, it may be a dozen or two dozen, countries will wake up to the fact that, without any very

bitter discussion, they have brought about a defensive confederation upon which peace can be founded.

The road to a system of peace is to accelerate those separate steps, to prove by experience that each separate measure is workable and serves the ultimate purpose of security and peace.

## For the Long Pull

By Kendall Weisiger

**T**HE BASIC problem agitating the world is, as Sir Norman has so well put it, the ultimate re-ordering of the affairs of men so that "it can't happen again." To it, Rotarians everywhere—regardless of their immediate and demanding duties as citizens and patriots—should be giving thought.

In the January ROTARIAN (page 11) seven questions were proposed for discussion by the Chairman of Rotary's Committee on this problem, of which I have the honor to be a member. Below are offered suggestions for study. American sources predominate, but, as an American, it is my conviction that Americans must play an increasingly effective rôle in international affairs.

First, take note of these:

### ORGANIZATIONS FOR A BETTER WORLD

**Rotary International's Committee on Research As to Participation of Rotarians in Post-War Reorganization**—Walter D. Head, Chairman, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago. Twelve members—from Australia, Canada, England, Lebanon, Mexico, United States, Uruguay. See article *After the War—What Then?*, ROTARIAN, Oct., 1941, for description of aims.

**American Academy of Political and Social Science**—Philadelphia. Long-established society. Publishes the *Annals* and various pamphlets, one of which contains an excellent exposition of considerations for a new world order: *European Plans for World Order*, March, 1940, 15c.

**Carnegie Endowment for International Peace**—700 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C. Dedicated to preservation of peace around the world.

**Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace**—Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, 297 4th Ave., New York.

**Commission to Study the Organization of Peace**—Clark M. Eichelberger, Director, 8 West 40th St., New York. Made up of organizations devoted to propagation of idea of peace throughout the world.

**Foreign Policy Association, Inc.**—F. R. McCoy, President, 22 East 38th St., New York. Issues twice monthly its

*Foreign Policy Reports*. Membership \$5 a year.

**Free World Association**—8 West 40th St., New York. Stands for a world order based upon democracy, freedom, and justice. Publishes a monthly magazine, *Free World*.

**National Resources Planning Board**—Chas. W. Eliot, Director, Washington, D. C. Governmental agency charged with post-defense planning—concerned with full employment, security, upbuilding America. (Should serve as a clearinghouse for all American groups interested in the post-war world.)

**New Education Fellowship**—Fred Red-efer, Chairman, 221 W. 57th St., New York. Twenty-six-year-old organization of progressive educators, now proposing a plan for a better world.

**World Citizens Association**—84 East Randolph St., Chicago, Quincy Wright, Secretary. Avowed purpose: to create a better world. Membership \$1.

Rotary's Committee has held three sessions. But other groups have been active also:

### CONFERENCES RECENTLY HELD

**Peace Aims Roundtable**—held at Princeton University; proceedings published by sponsor, *Fortune* magazine, New York, as pamphlet; briefed report in *Scholastic Magazine*, May 19, 1941.

**New Education Fellowship**—held at Ann Arbor, Mich., under leadership of Reinhold Schairer. *Time*, July 21, 1941.

**National Conference of Christians and Jews** (300 4th Ave., New York)—held at Williams College; reports issued by N.C.C.&J., 300 4th Ave., New York.

**World Citizens Association**—(84 East Randolph St., Chicago)—conference attended by 30 citizens from various parts of world; report in book, *The World's Destiny and the United States*, 50c.

### "THE ROTARIAN'S" SERIES

Many articles bearing on post-war reconstruction appear in current magazines. Especial attention is called to the series in THE ROTARIAN on *A World to LIVE In*, to date as follows:

H. G. Wells—*Bases for a Lasting Peace*, Sept., 1941.

Hendrik Willem van Loon—*The Cave Man Is Still with Us*, Oct., 1941.

Harrison E. Howe—*Help Science Outmode War!*, Nov., 1941.

Paul V. McNutt—*The Pantry Door to Peace*, Dec., 1941.

Walter B. Pitkin—*The Americas Show the Way*, Jan., 1942.

Mohandas K. Gandhi—*My Seven Points for a New World Order*, Feb., 1942.

This series begins with Mr. Wells' review of human rights, then lays stress on the ways science has changed—and will change—the economic and political relations among nations.

### PAMPHLETS AVAILABLE

In addition to those already noted, these pamphlets and reprints may prove stimulating:

*Total Security—A Challenge*—Chas. E. Wilson's address to the A.I.E.E., Jan. 29, 1941. [Continued on page 59]



London Answers

"MUST YOU keep sending this confounded story to the magazines? This makes the seventeenth time that I've had to read it!"



BRITISH characters "Colonel Up and Mr. Down" face cheese rationing.

London Express

# Taking It With A SMILE

Here are six cartoons, plucked from the world press, that limn man's saving grace—his ability to laugh at trouble. They come from Britain, where this salutary quality has withstood bombs, fire, and death . . . and from Eire, where a bit o' blarney can burst even the biggest blobs of egregious gloom.



Punch

"I'D LIKE to think up something catchy for the window, like 'Hitlers may come and Hitlers may go, but Murdoch and Wimpleby were established in 1783.'"



"HEINRICH is just telling us about the cathedral that got away."



(Left and right) Dublin Opinion

Gaske

"FIRST the war—then I go bankrupt—and now this!"



"—but what reason have you for not paying income tax?"

# Lower Income Tax Exemption?

Uncle Sam has two ways of raising money to wage war: borrowing or taxing. The problem is, however, more than the raising of revenue. Disastrous inflation must be avoided. If a large part of the people's cash is diverted to government, the less they have to spend for the purchase of consumer goods. Thus, taxation can

be an instrument for controlling inflation. And this debate-of-the-month takes its place in the sequence: "An A B C of Inflation" (November), a symposium; "Two Plans for U. S. Price Control" (December), Leon Henderson vs. Bernard Baruch; "Ceilings on Wages?" (January), Edward A. O'Neal vs. William Green.

## YES!

**Says Richard Yoe**

*A Synthetic American Citizen*

I AM NO PROPHET—but I know what I'll be doing on the night of March 16. I'll be fighting my annual 11th-hour battle with my income tax return. It will be a close shave . . . but next morning my check will join the checks of the 15 million other citizens of the United States of America who on that day must begin to pay tax on what they earned in 1941.

It won't be easy. It will be about three times as hard as it was a year ago. And what's ahead will be still harder. Indeed, I would amend the old saw to read: "Nothing is certain but death and higher taxes." But I am not complaining. I favor higher taxes and broader taxes—especially, an extension of the income tax. I'll tell you why.

The United States of America is at war . . . and no mistake. Its chiefs have figured out what the nation needs—in terms of tanks, planes, guns, and beans—to win that war, and what it will cost. John Q. Public has to figure out how he is going to foot the bill.

He sees two ways. *Paying taxes is one way.* The war budget for the next fiscal year, which starts July 1, calls for tax receipts of 28 billion dollars.

*Loaning his savings and idle capital is another way.* It is said that the Government will have to borrow 30 billion dollars from its citizens and add them to those 28 billions to do the job its people are determined to do in 1942-43.

Let's look at that 28-billion-dollar-tax figure. As Marriner S.

Eccles, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, told New York bankers at their State association meeting a few weeks ago, existing taxes will collect about 19 billions of it.

"It means," he said, "that we must collect, in accordance with the President's program, approximately 9 billion dollars of additional taxes. The proposal is to collect 2 billions of that from social security and 7 billions from new additional taxes. . . ."

There's the problem: how to raise those 9 billions. Mr. Eccles would do it, in part, by increasing corporation taxes and excess profits taxes, by increasing surtaxes on individuals, and by lowering income tax exemptions.

And that is where I come in. I am no professional economist, but extending the income tax into still lower income brackets—and "upping" the surtax—say, in the medium brackets (which hits *me*)—seems only logical and fair.

One proposal is to lower the present \$1,500 exemption allowed for married persons to \$1,200 and the exemption for single persons from the present \$750 to \$600, and at the same time lower the \$400 deduction now allowed for dependents. This, too, is a part of Mr. Eccles' prescription, I think—but I have read other exemption-lowering proposals that make this look gentle.

It's the *principle* I favor. To my lay mind, there is no tax so just as the Federal income tax. It takes the human being into account—his obligations, his wealth or lack of it, his ability to pay.

The general sales tax, which some economists and statesmen would set up on a national scale as a method of raising the needed revenues, does *not* do that. It violates the fundamental principle

of just taxation. It taxes without regard for ability to pay. As John H. Gray, former president of the American Economic Council, once said, "The sales tax . . . is one more attempt to put the whole burden of taxes on the poor. It violates every canon of taxation accepted in the civilized world for 150 years." The workingman with a family of five to support pays five times as much sales tax as the bachelor with only one mouth to feed—his own.

It all boils down to this: Every American has a stake in America—whether he makes \$600 a year or \$600,000. I do not underestimate his character when I say that whatever his salary, he's ready to do his share. My friend Joe the Truck Gardener is not complaining that he'll be caught if they keep lowering the income tax. He might even be proud to remit his modest tax payment. For all his brave willingness to do his share, we must protect Joe. We must see that others do not dodge doing *their* share. The sales tax would give them that loophole. The income tax does not.

I'll go further. I'll say that not only should the United States lower income tax exemptions, but that it should also give earnest thought to the levying of a withholding tax. One proposal for such a tax is that the Federal Government impose a 15 percent levy on all income in excess of \$750 for single persons and \$1,500 for married persons. That tax would be collected at source; employers would deduct it from the individual's pay check and forward it to the Government. Under this plan, the withholding tax would *not* replace the income tax.

That is drastic. Again, it's the *principle* I favor. Why? Because my Government's treasury needs



money now, and this is the fastest means of getting it. That's the big reason.

Here is another, and it is also a further reason for broadening the income tax base: The United States must thwart the threat of inflation. Taxes are the surest way to do it. This is the picture.

The nation can expect a national income of about 110 billion dollars in the next fiscal year, it is said. Taxes are going to claim 28 of those billions. That leaves a "spendable income" of 82 billions for the American people. If they loan the Government about 20 billions as is expected, that will still leave them more than 60 billions. That is more than they need for adequate living. Should they all seek to buy the curtailed quantities of consumer goods left on the market, the demand will shoot prices up, and ZOOM!, we will have inflation. That danger decreases as such money goes to the Government by way of loans or by way of taxation.

Of course, taxation can be carried to such a point that it kills the goose that lays the golden eggs, so to speak. We in the United States are a long, long way from that and need never near it.

The citizens of my country are going to have to make sacrifices, and not only in speeches. This is not going to be a "comfortable war." My fellows and I are going to have to stand up and say, "I can take it!"—and then take it.

The least, the very least, we can do is take an increasingly higher, broader-based income tax. That is one way to military victory. It is one way around economic disaster.

# no!

**Says John Noe**

*Another Synthetic Citizen*

**T**HERE can be no blinking the fact that during this fiscal year the United States must collect at least 9 billion dollars more in taxes than are now on the books. Very well—just how?

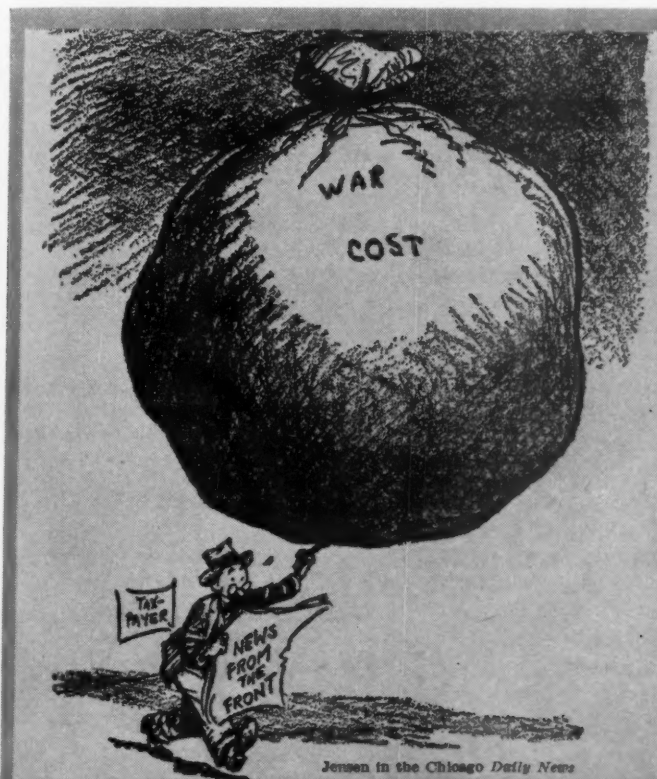
The proposal to increase the income tax by broadening the base and extending it to all incomes of \$500 for single persons and \$1,000 for married couples, with only \$200 exemption for each dependent, has been put forth. I oppose it. In this, I am happy

to note, I have the weighty backing of Senator Walter F. George, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

"If we are to impose taxes on the people who make only \$500 a year," he told reporters not long ago, "it ought to be done indirectly . . . and not by forcing them to file income tax returns. The revenue from such sources necessarily would be small and the cost of collecting income tax from such persons would be relatively high.

Senator George has put his finger squarely on the sore spot—what a theoretical economist would call "the law of diminishing returns." It costs just so much to collect each income tax: there is a point when the cost of collection eats up the whole tax or even more.

It is almost pure guesswork, but figures of a few years ago (September, 1938) show that about 4 million families out of the 30 million in the United States had incomes of less than \$1,500 but more than \$1,000 per annum. Of the 10 million unmarried wage earners, perhaps 2 million are between \$500 and \$1,000. That makes 6 million who will come under the new bracket. [Continued on page 55]



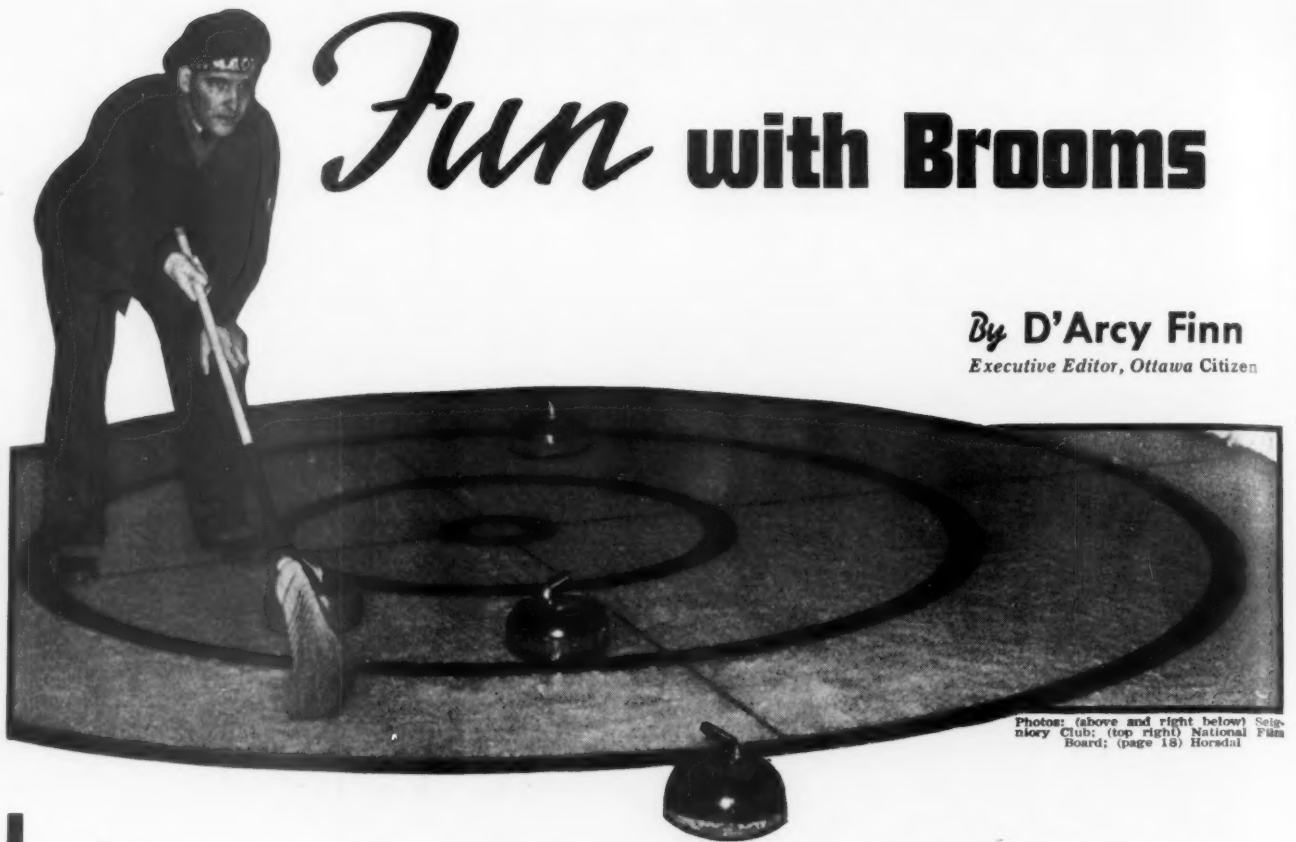
Jensen in the Chicago Daily News

"Having the mind elsewhere has its advantages."



Carlisle in the Washington Post

"Delaying the balloon ascension."



# Fun with Brooms

By D'Arcy Finn  
Executive Editor, Ottawa Citizen

Photos: (above and right below) Seignory Club; (top right) National Film Board; (page 18) Horsdal

IN EVERY city, in virtually every town, in villages and cross-road settlements all across Canada, the rafters resound on sparkling Winter nights to the stentorian "Soop! Soop!! Soop'er up!" of the grand old roarin' game of curling.

That "Soop!" sound is the wild exhortation of the "skip" to his men to waggle the broom in front of the stone and sweep another well-played shot into the "house." For centuries Scotland's cherished national Winter pastime, curling is also a Canadian sport of national proportions. It's not yet the greatest in number of participants, but it is an up-and-coming bidder for that title.

Curling is an ice sport that is played in many countries and under a wide variety of conditions. Be they good or bad is beside the point—the game's the thing. Scotland gave it birth, reared it from the crudest of beginnings, gave it to the world for all men of goodwill and sporting instincts to enjoy. They are carrying on in its best traditions.

The oldest curling club in the world is Kinross, in Scotland, and more than a score there date back into the 1700s. The Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland,

instituted more than 100 years ago, is the mother club that makes the rules and governs the game internationally. Canada and the Northeastern sector of the United States are her sturdiest offspring. Actually, they have outgrown\* and perhaps even outshone the grand old lady at her own game. But not in devotion to it; that can never be!

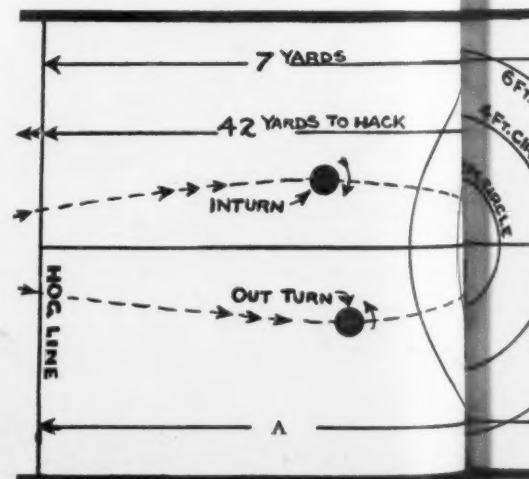
In Scotland, save in the great artificial ice rinks of the larger cities, curling is an outdoor game of the lochs and ponds, where laird and shepherd rub shoulders and the better curler is the better man. In North America, with some exceptions, it is played on natural ice in indoor rinks, under varying conditions of comfort—or discomfort: in prairie shacks within walls of baled straw, crudely roofed over; in fairgrounds cattle sheds; in modest village structures large enough to house one or two sheets of ice and a cracker-box "clubroom"; and on artificial ice in the pretentious multiple-sheet clubs of the cities.

But no matter what its locale

EACH END of the sheet of ice is laid out like this, for play alternates from end to end. Stones which do not cross the "hog line" are out of play and must be removed.

or the worldly status of the players, curling is the same everywhere—a game of amazing skill, of keenest rivalry and the highest degree of sportsmanship, and of wholesome companionship. "Bri-ther curlers" means all lovers of "besom and stane" (broom and stone), of high or low estate. In no game that flourishes anywhere on earth is the fellowship of man more truly exemplified.

\* Of the 1,664 clubs under the jurisdiction of the mother club, 1,056 are in Canada, 17 in the United States, and 496 in Scotland. Hundreds of small clubs in North America have not been affiliated. Curling also has its devotees in Switzerland, Sweden, New Zealand, and other countries.



The legion of granite curlers throughout Canada is under the aegis of the great Dominion Curling Association, with headquarters in Toronto. Hon. Thane Campbell, Premier of Prince Edward Island, is the president. In the United States the sport is under the jurisdiction of the Grand National Curling Club of America. Franklin King, of Boston, is president. Iron curling, played only in Quebec and eastern Ontario, is governed by the Canadian Branch of the mother club, with headquarters at Montreal. Ronald H. MacNabb, of Ottawa, is president.

To the uninitiate, a technical description of curling in the language of its addicts would be as futile as attempting to teach an Englishman baseball in one lesson from an American rule book. This, then, is no rule book, but a sketchy attempt to cover the highlights of the game for the benefit of noncurlers.

The game is played on a level sheet of ice, 48 yards long by 14 feet wide. Mark that word "level," because a level sheet of water will not necessarily freeze into level ice. It will assume all sorts of kinks, imperceptible to the naked eye. The humps can be shaved off, the hollows built up by sprinkling to an approximate level that will satisfy the winners—but to the losers, the ice is usually "turbulent."

A team of curlers (technically a "rink") consists of four, designated "lead," "second," "third," and "skip," and they play two stones apiece in that order. The skip is the canniest player and captain of the crew. He takes all

the credit for the wins and hangs all the blame for losses on the other three—or so they say! Each man plays his stones alternately with those of his opponent on the other team.

The stones are delivered from a foothold (the "hack") cut into the ice close to the end of the sheet, and the objective (the "tee") is a dot in the center of a circle 12 feet in diameter near the far end. The distance from hack to tee is 42 yards.

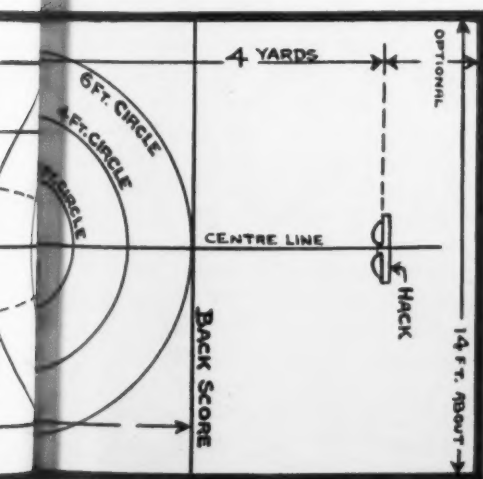
When all 16 stones constituting an "end" have been played, the winning side is the one owning the stone lying nearest the tee, and it counts one point for each of its stones lying nearer to the tee than the closest stone of the opponents. Thus the score may be anything from one to eight. The skip who has the rare misfortune of having an eight-end chalked up against him never quite lives it down. He is thereafter known as "Eight-End So-and-So."

A match consists of a predetermined number of ends, usually 12, which would require about 2½ hours to play. At the conclusion of each end, play is resumed in the other direction, the lead of the winners playing first stone. Ice is laid out with a tee and a hack at either end.

There are four concentric circles around each tee, but only the outside one is essential; the others are there merely to help the skips to estimate during the play the relative nearness of the stones to the tee. No measuring is permissible until all stones have been played. The area within the outer



AN OUTDOOR sheet (above) with the rival "skips" calling the play. . . . Below: A player launching his stone from the "hack"—an "in turn," as called by his skip on the opposite page, aimed for the broom.





circle is the "house," and no stone lying wholly outside the house can be counted.

To start an end, the leads toss a coin, and the loser plays first, because there is an advantage in the last play. He crouches with right foot in the hack and left slightly advanced for balance, swings the stone by its handle backward and just off the ice and then forward with a pendulum motion of the arm, letting it go straight for the broom of the skip, who is standing at the tee giving directions.

If the skip has put the broom on the ice to the player's left, he is asking for an "in turn." The stone is aimed at the broom, but as he releases it, the player gives a slight clockwise turn with his wrist, so the stone rotates slowly. As it nears the tee, it will curl to the right. If played with true aim — "taking the broom" — and "weight" (speed), it will come to rest not at the broom, but at that particular place in the house the skip desires. That "if" is an important but uncertain factor.

If the skip had put his broom on the right-hand side of center ice, he is signalling for an "out turn," given with a counter-clockwise motion to the stone.

There is great disparity in strategy. Some skips want shots to end up near the tee, while others prefer to have them in the outer regions of the house, where it is harder to knock them out.

Why not deliver the stones straight, without all this curl? For various reasons—one of them being that a stone without curl, or "turn," as we call it, is apt to drift off to one side or the other, out of control. Another is to avoid stones already placed in the line of a straight shot.

Every man carries a broom to keep the ice clean in front of the running stones or, if need be, to polish the ice by vigorous sweeping and thus get another yard or foot of distance out of a slow rock. Even an inch may mean a game. The two players not actually playing or skipping do the sweeping, under direction of the skip. They dogtrot alongside the stone and go to work when he calls "Soop!"

Just how much good this sweeping does in curling is a moot question, even among experts. There

is no doubt it is an essential of the outdoor game in Scotland, because when it "snaws and blaws," they must keep the ice on the loch as clean as a hound's tooth.

Before the advent of the broom, they used a besom, which was a bunch of twigs tied around a stick like a broom. But though curling in America is an indoor sport, you might just as well try to take pigskin out of football as to filch our beloved broom. Anyway, sweeping isn't so senseless as it may seem. Curlers often smoke while in action, and ashes would shorten the course of a stone by yards.

The earliest stones were water-worn boulders found in river beds. They were called "channel stanes," and thumb and finger holes were dug into them. About 1650, handles were fitted and the present polished granites, not more than 36 inches in circumference and weighing about 40 pounds, were evolved. Iron "stones" are smaller, flatter, and about 20 pounds heavier than granite stones.

It is said that after the conquest of Canada, the Highland troops in Quebec pined for their home game. Having no granites at hand, they melted up old French

That of 1838 was played at Three Rivers, halfway between the two cities and a two-day trip for both. Quebec won, and at the gala dinner that followed (paid for by the losers) the Quebecers ordered champagne; "there was no good nor tolerable whusky to be had in Three Rivers," was their excuse for such outlandish taste. It cost each Montrealer three pounds two shillings fivepence.

That was the last champagne at bonspiel dinners.

The grand international match in North America is the annual bonspiel between the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonian and the Grand National Curling Club of the United States for the Gordon Medal. Robert Gordon, of New York, presented this in 1884, and it is played for alternately in Canada and the United States.

Canada's recent win of the medal brought the Grand National edge since 1935 to four out of seven. In 1938, Grand National not only won the Gordon Medal, but defeated the combined forces of Scotland and Canada.

It speaks well for the quality of United States curling to reflect that there are only a fraction as many clubs in the Grand National as in the Canadian Branch. No sporting event has ever done more to accent the friendship between the two nations than this annual bonspiel.

There is a semimurderous difference of opinion on the relative merits of granite and iron curling, but as this writer plays both kinds with equal enjoyment, he declines to put his own views into quotes on that issue.

When the ladies found out a few years ago that a morning on the ice was more exciting than wielding the broom at home, it spelled the passing of the curling rink as a stag retreat. Now the dear old clubroom has lost its air of stern simplicity and looks as chic as a beauty parlor. The filmy cobweb, the murk of pipe smoke, and the storied dust of bygone years all have been swept away, engulfed in a wave of feminine interior decoration. We have been fumigated, dusted off, shown the ash tray, and told to wipe our feet!

Here's to the lady curlers! Long may they wave the broom, both on and off the ice!

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## Curler



Finn

**M**UCH OF Canada's enthusiasm for curling is due to D'Arcy Finn. His voice is frequently heard over the radio reporting crack matches. He is the vice-president and a skip of the Ottawa Curling Club, and spices his broadcasts with hair-raising tales of valor and drama on the ice. He also writes of his favorite sport in the Ottawa "Citizen," of which he is the executive editor.

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cannon and cast "stones" for the game.

The first club in Canada was the Royal Montreal, founded in 1807. The Quebec Curling Club was founded in 1821, and many a famous bonspiel (match between clubs) has been held since then.

# BILLY PHELPS'S SPEAKING



**T**HIS is a lustrum! Do you know what a "lustrum" is? Five years. With the last issue of *THE ROTARIAN* I completed five years of continuous monthly contributions as bookman; and I am grateful to the Editor, to his associates, and to all who have read my articles. I not only love books, but I love those who love them and I love to persuade others to love those books that I love. This lustrum began in world peace and we find ourselves in world war; but reading is not merely a luxury; it is a necessity. Forward, March (1942)!

For the first time in history a British Prime Minister has addressed the Congress of the United States; and in this instance it is a literary as well as a historical event. Winston Churchill is a man of letters; his speeches are literature; and as an orator he is in the front rank of the world's public speakers. Fortunate are the Senators and Congressmen to have been present on such an occasion, for it is something that will be remembered and recorded in centuries to come.

One of the things emphasized in his speeches is that if Hitler had attempted to invade England in June, 1940, immediately after the collapse of France and if Japan had chosen that moment to declare war, the result might have been disastrous for the lovers of freedom. Why did he not try it? My conjecture is that his reason was a combination of cruelty and conceit. In many of the murder stories I read, the villain loses his case because he talks too much, because of his egotism and his delight in torturing the *mind* before torturing the body. The mur-



WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Rotarian, "America's best-loved book reviewer," professor emeritus of English literature at Yale University, rounds out five years with *The Rotarian*. Photo: PIX

derer stands in front of his apparently helpless victim and his mouth waters in sweet anticipation like that of a boy who waits a moment before eating the food.

Now I distinctly remember that in May, 1940, Hitler told the world his troops would be back victoriously and safely home in August. Then someone asked him, "When are you going to invade England?" He replied, "I shall invade England when it will be most uncomfortable for the English." Spoken like the gangster and the murderer. He was certain of success, and, being certain, he wished to torture the minds of the British, as in the bad old times chieftains kept victims imprisoned for days before they tortured them to death. Completely egotistic, completely cruel, Hitler

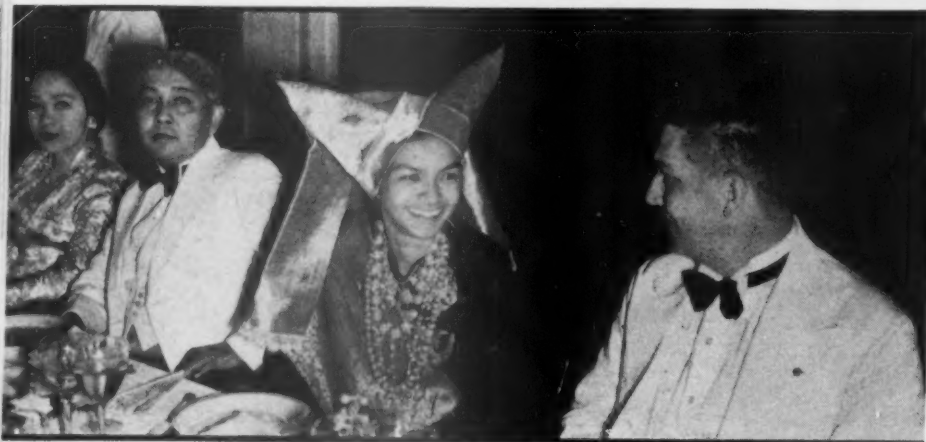
thought the British could not resist after the fall of France, and he believed that every day and night they were all wondering in terror exactly when the blow would fall.

As this is a total war, it includes speeches—the war of words. Innumerable speeches will be made, and many unwilling speakers will be drafted. Practice does not always make perfect, but it saves the speaker much mental anguish. Robert Browning, who eventually became the greatest diner-out and social lion in England, was terrified in early youth when he had to go to a party; as he entered the front door, the murmur of conversation where the tea party was in progress scared him more than the roar of artillery. He overcame this by [Continued on page 57]

# BANQUET at BATAVIA



FESTIVITIES were held at the Indies Hotel (inset) and brought out a cosmopolitan cross section of the Indies' business, professional, and social life. Many of the diners came from neighbor isles.



THE YOUNG lady with the fetching headdress is a Malayan from Sumatra. The gentleman at her left is Dutch. Among the prominent guests grouped below are the head of the House of Pakoe Alam (third from left) with his batik costume and, to his right, a Malay Menangkabau guest from Sumatra.



**S**TRUNG along the equator like precious jewels are the Netherlands East Indies. Since December 7, 1941, when Japan entered World War II, these fabulously rich isles and their photogenic peoples have been front-page news.

Glance at the map. Your encyclopedia will tell how Columbus was searching for these, the "Spice Islands," when he found America . . . how Java became synonymous with coffee, that it normally produces 90 percent of the world supply of the fever-fighting drug, quinine . . . that from these 20,000 isles stretching over a band wider than the United States come much of the world's tin, rubber, spices; much sugar and oil.

But your encyclopedia won't tell you that in 1927 a Rotary Club was organized in Djokjakarta, Java. It is now one of 20 in that island, and there are four in Sumatra and one each in Borneo and the Celebes—26 in all.

Nor did your newspaper report a Rotary banquet in Batavia, capital of the Indies, last October. These lately arrived photos are historic; they record the event at which Dr. A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, Governor General of the Netherlands Indies, was made Honorary Rotary District Governor—a fact attesting the significant stature Rotary had attained in the Indies.

Photos: (Pages 20-24) Java Photo; Three Lions; Acme; Keystone; Galloway; A.B.C.; Dover; Fisher; B and B; Raleigh, from Black Star; Netherlands Indies Int. Bureau



and a few "shots" from the Netherlands East Indies



ROTARIAN dignitaries here pictured are (left to right) Dr. P. van Hulstijn, Governor of Rotary's 79th District; the Soesoehoenan of Soerakarta, Honorary

President of the Solo Rotary Club and one of Java's four reigning Princes; and the Governor General of the Indies, now Honorary Rotary Governor.



BELOW: Typical modern buildings of Batavia, Java. The Museum houses art and scientific collections of the Royal Batavian Society, oldest cultural body "east of Suez," which was founded in 1778.





WORKERS on the rubber plantations include every member of the family, so this young Javanese mother carries her offspring with her, slung in a batik shawl, famed wax-stencil or tie-and-dye native art of Java.



THOUGH sculpture in Bali follows conventional form and method, new subjects creep in. But the ancient figures of temple dancers and devotions, such as this young artist carves, are best.



BALI, a tiny isle east of Java, is in normal times a favorite stop for world-circling tourists. The young lady to the left is one of the famed Balinese dancers, wearing a ceremonial dancing headdress. Right: A Malay beggar from the island of Sumatra.



A WISE colonial policy blends European with various Malayan and Indonesian cultures. Below (left) are children of the Menangkabau tribe of Malaysians, who are mostly Mohammedans. In this village school, which can be duplicated in every settlement, they are learning Malayan A B C's. At the right (below) is a church that is as Dutch as an Edam cheese, and looks like hundreds in Holland villages. It is in Northern Sumatra, among the Battak group. About half of them, some 150,000, have accepted Christianity. When baptized, they take a new name: most popular choice of late, it is reported, is "Radio."





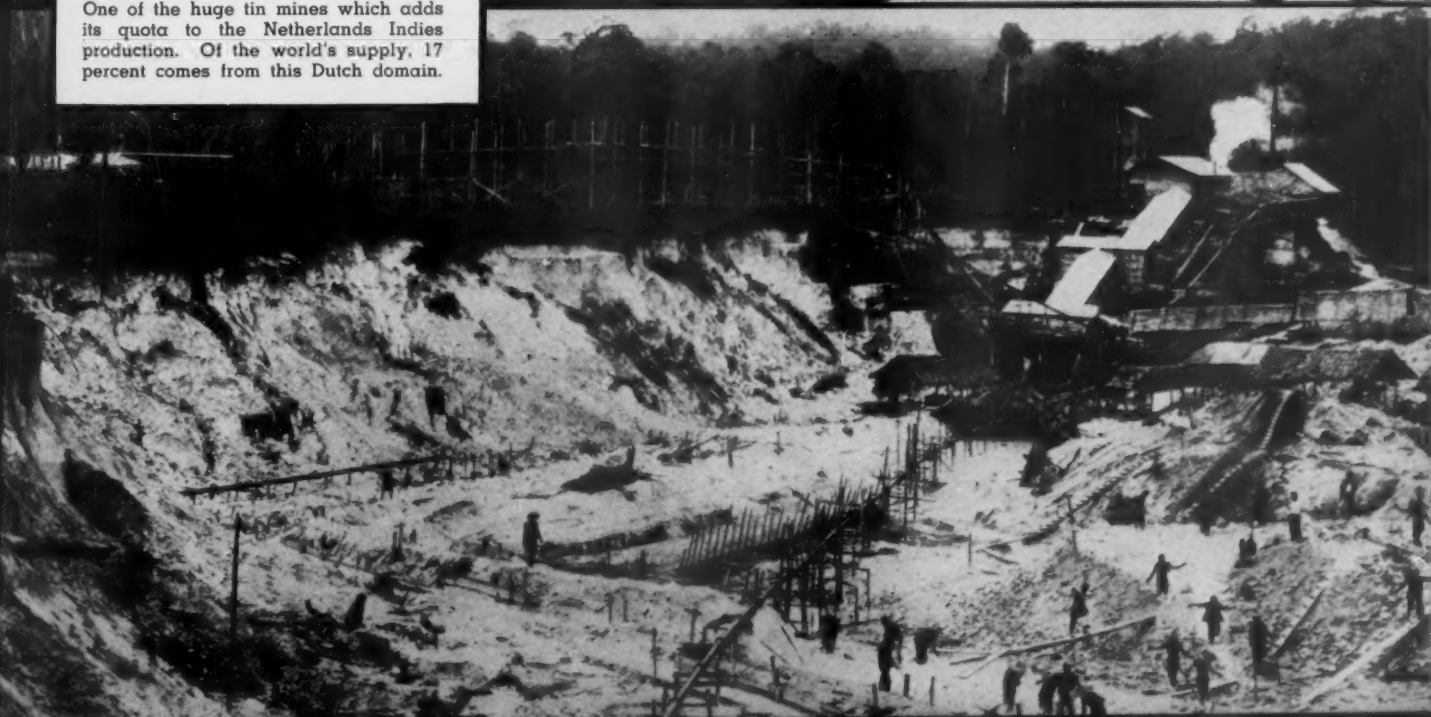


**MORE THAN** a third of the world's supply of raw rubber comes from the Indies plantations. Here the latex or rubber-bearing tree is being poured into a can for transport to the dryer.

**THESE ARE** the old familiar oil derricks, dressed up in this Borneo field with straw sunshades. More than 8 percent of the total of all oil produced outside of the United States (which has over 50 percent of the world's oil) comes from the Indies' fields.



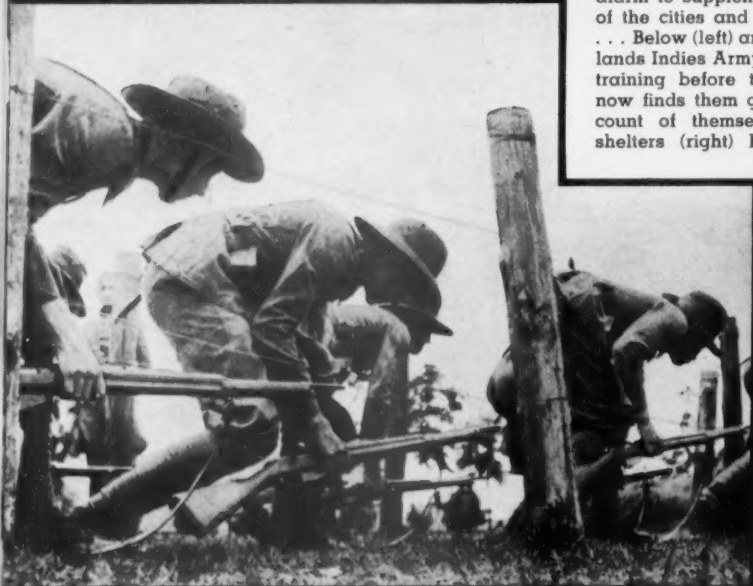
**RICE**, chief cereal crop of the world, is one of the main crops of the Indies. Above is a terraced field, permitting re-use of the treasured water. Below: One of the huge tin mines which adds its quota to the Netherlands Indies production. Of the world's supply, 17 percent comes from this Dutch domain.







THE INDIES were not unprepared when war struck. . . . The KLM plane (left) above brought Batavia but 7½ days from the Empire's now fallen capital, The Hague. . . . At the right (above) is an old ceremonial gong, now an air-raid alarm to supplement the wailing sirens of the cities and warn the countryside. . . . Below (left) are cadets of the Netherlands Indies Army, snapped in intensive training before the emergency, which now finds them giving an excellent account of themselves. Public air-raid shelters (right) have been built, too.



THE CITY GUARD of Batavia, the capital of the Indies, hardens business and professional men for defense duties by rigorous physical exercise.

INDIES soldiers use machine pistols instead of machine guns for rough terrain. These weapons have unusual striking power, will pierce tank armor.





Photo: Dittler

Not a scene in Latin America—but in Orlando, Florida. These are high-school students for whom a lively Pan-American club is opening fascinating new vistas. For full details, see next page.

## Good Neighbors

MARCH, 1942



# Playing Pan-America

*It's fun! say high-school students at Orlando, Florida. They were the first group in the United States to organize a club as suggested by Armando de Arruda Pereira, Past President of Rotary International.*

**By Rabbi Morris A. Skop**  
*International Service Chairman, Orlando Rotary Club*



**W**HEN, last Spring, the Rotary Club of Orlando, Florida, held an essay contest on "The Life and Work of Simon Bolivar" for senior high-school students of Orange County, we were more pleased than astonished to receive nearly 70 entries. Pleased, because it showed the interest that had been aroused; not astonished, because we had felt the interest was there.

The success of the venture came, I believe, from the example and inspiration furnished by the 22 students of the Orlando Senior High School who have been "playing Pan-America."

The original idea was not ours, of course. It came from Armando de Arruda Pereira, who, when he was President of Rotary International in 1940-41, told many an inquiring Rotary Club about the Pan-American Club he had founded in the school at São Caetano, in his homeland, Brazil.

I am quite sure, however, that we were the first Rotary Club in the United States to organize such a club. We got File 735, *Pan-American Clubs*, from the Central

Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International in Chicago, and we studied it. Then we talked it over with the principal of our senior high school, W. R. Boone, and got his approval. With Miss Anne Stone, the Spanish teacher, we worked out details and programs.

Membership in the Pan-American Club was limited to honor students in the Spanish department who had outstanding qualities of citizenship and leadership. There were 11 boys and 11 girls, each elected to represent one of the nations of the Americas.

At the Pan-American Day meeting of the Rotary Club of Orlando in April, 1941, members of the Pan-American Club were guests, and the Rotary Club presented them with 22 flags, one for each nation represented.

But this ceremony came after the Pan-American Club was well established. In the beginning each "national representative" began to study the history and cus-

**THE LIBRARY** furnishes ideas for games and plays in costumes of the countries represented. See also picture on page 25.





toms of his or her "nation." They were aided in this by a fine school library, which, by a gift of the Rotary Club, has subscriptions to THE ROTARIAN and its Spanish edition, REVISTA ROTARIA.

Study alone would have been a chore. The young people soon found that even the pleasure of reporting the facts they discovered didn't lighten the labors. But what did make it pleasure was turning the work into a game.

Instead of merely learning about customs, they acted them. That called for costumes, so they got them—some of them authentic importations and some homemade. Thus, a wedding custom about which one of the "representatives" had read became a project which, rehearsed and practiced, gave plenty of pleasure to actors and audience.

Mrs. Charles P. Ames, a native of Puerto Rico, now a citizen of Orlando, became much interested in our work and acted as a co-sponsor when the Pan-American Club joined the Pan-American League. One of the teachers made a vacation trip to Guatemala, and the pictures she brought back and an account of her experiences made a program for the club.

From all this, I have the profound conviction that what might have been tiresome or even boring extra work has, because it is "playing Pan-America," become a hobby and a game from which the whole student body learns.

I am sure that the pleasures our young people are enjoying could be repeated in almost any North, Central, or South American community where there is a Rotary Club. I feel sure that those communities which have also tried out this plan will corroborate this.\*

Past President Pereira has given a great deal of thought to Pan-American Clubs. At the Ibero-American assembly at the Cleveland Convention in 1939 was presented, on his behalf, a resolution which read, in part:

Whereas it is essential and in accordance with the Fourth Object of Rotary that all the American peoples have the most thorough knowledge regarding their respective history, geography, and culture. . . .

Whereas this work should be undertaken among children, who will be the men and women of tomorrow. . . .

I propose: That the members of the

\* Other Rotary Clubs which have sponsored Pan-American Clubs in local schools include Crescenta-Cañada, California (2); Lynwood, California; Little Falls, Minnesota; Guanabacoa, Cuba; and Regla, Cuba. See photo in *Rotary Reporter*, page 48.

International Service Committee of each Rotary Club in America work to the end that the greatest possible number of grammar and high schools organize . . . Pan-American Clubs. . . .

File 735, which I have mentioned, gives full details on how to start—yet I dare say that no other Pan-American Club is exactly like ours. The basic plan can be shaped to fit any school. I do feel that the idea of 22 pupils, each "representing" a nation of the Americas, is a firm foundation.

When we held our essay contest, the six members of our Rotary Club's International Service Committee and Past Presidents of the other two Rotary Clubs in Orange County acted as judges.

Our Rotary Club is well satisfied with the results of our sponsorship of the Pan-American Club. It takes pleasure in the fact that it is not only contributing to the betterment of inter-American relations now, but building for a solidarity in the years to come—one based on mutual understanding and enlightenment.



WHEN Dr. Donaldo Manuel, artist from Argentina, was a visitor in Orlando, he was the welcome guest of the club several times. Above: Dr. Manuel makes a speech on the customs of his homeland to a very attentive audience which includes his wife, teachers, and the author.



NOT ALL the programs are costume affairs. Many are serious discussions, for though each member is an authority on his or her country, there are many problems which are common to all the republics of the Americas. At the left, the club listens to a report from the Honduras representative.

Photos: Dittrich

# West from Winnipeg



Here's a photographic glimpse of the great Canadian West—in which many a Rotary family will tarry en route to or from the 1942 Convention in Toronto. This is the home of mighty Alplike mountains, gemlike lakes, and seas of wheat. . . . The vista below is typical of many parks; the totem pole spells Western Indians.

Photos: (left) Acme; (below) James Sawders





WILDED NATURE is always just outside your window in Western Canada . . . where the tamer will eat right out of your hand . . . where

sharp eyes can still spy gold nuggets . . . where cold lakes boil with "big ones" . . . and where you can drive your "bus" right up to a glacier.



Photos: Canadian Nat'l Rys.





Photo: Canadian National Film Board

YOU CAN drive for days and see nothing but wheat out in the Prairie Provinces—the granary of the world. Canada produces over 500 million bushels a year and used to supply half the wheat the rest of the world imported. War has changed that. Now the wheat piles up.

THE FARM scene (below) is typical of Canada's agricultural West. While the Dominion can boast much finer farms, the thousands like this are its backbone. Here the sons and daughters of the settlers raise their crops, rear their families, and live in solid simplicity.



Photo: Don Wahiquist

# Canada Keeps Faith with Its Indians

By James Montagnes

**M**OTORING home from Toronto and Rotary's international Convention next June, adventurous John Q. Rotarian—who has taken a rough trail back of Canada's well-travelled highways—may happen upon a Union Jack flying from a makeshift pole. Beneath it he may find a white tent and before that shelter, a rough table covered with another flag.

Close by, a noisy camp of Indians, with the muffled hubbub of any large gathering, seethes and bubbles with activity, a larger circle about the flag-draped seat of authority. An Indian approaches the white men seated at the open-air "desk," and presents a card.

"John White Bear," says the man at the head of the table, "how has the year been to your family?" And the Indian answers—how one more son has been added to the line, how the fur catch was none too good, but more hunters came and he earned more by guiding them. Too, there has been a sickness which made his family ill, and his daughter is still suffering. He calls her forward, and the other white man, a doctor, makes his examination and prescribes a remedy.

Time passes; the conversation continues. Indians have plenty of time, and the white men have learned to adjust themselves to the easy tempo of life among the woods and streams. Finally the last word has been said. The chief of the white men does a bit of figuring. From his bulging briefcase he takes a packet of crisp Canadian bank notes and counts off a sum—\$4 for each member, whatever sex or age, of the family of which John White Bear is the head. The Indian accepts it, signs a receipt with his mark, grins, and rejoins the outer circle.

John Q. Rotarian may count himself lucky to have stumbled on this gathering, typical of a score enacted at various times and places throughout the Dominion of Canada, but principally in the Central West and West. Here he has witnessed a pictur-



GIVEN to chiefs years ago when treaties were signed, medals such as this Alberta chief wears are now often the symbols of tribal office.

esque ceremony and a living link between the old and the new in Canada—treaty-payment day.

The Indians turn out for the treaty-payment ceremony en masse. It's their time to gossip, to arrange marriages, and to transact all kinds of business. To the tribesman it is a symbol of Dominion law and order and justice. Year after year it is a visual reminder that the Government keeps its word, though the writing which records that promise may be on yellowed and ancient parchment.

Only about \$250,000 is paid out in annuities. It is a small price for the Government to pay to get the Indians together each year for a checkup on health and social conditions. The old treaties provide, often in quaint language, that besides this payment the Indians shall be permitted neither to starve nor to suffer from want of clothing or shelter. To keep up this end of the bargain, the Dominion spends, annually, 5½ million dollars.

Originally the reserves (which correspond to reservations in the United States) were calculated on the basis of so much land per family—in northern Ontario, about one square mile per family. One item of business that may come up on treaty-payment day is the selling of land—for the reserves have proved more than ample, even though the Indian population has increased, since 1871, from 102,358 to nearly 125,000.

When a tribe and the Government agree upon a sale, the receipts are placed in custody. More than 14 million dollars is now being so held, representing individual sales, tribal sales, interest accumulations, pensions for war service, and the like. Many Indians in Western Canada receive from \$1,500 to \$2,000 in interest yearly.

Hunting, trapping, fishing, and guiding still provide the livelihood of many tribes in the North, but the Government is on the alert to develop new ways for the Indian to help himself. At Lebret, Sas-



katchewan, for example, an experimental mink farm has been established at the Qu'Appelle Indian Residential School.

On the Piegan Reserve—the Piegans are a branch of the Blackfoot Indians, and all three branches exist in both Canada and the United States—in Alberta the Indians have become farmers and ranchers, thanks to the tactful coaching of the Government. Their holdings are estimated at 2,000 head each of beef cattle and horses, and 5,000 acres of their 9,000-acre reserve are under cultivation. The cattle herd is owned by 65 individuals, and each Summer a traditional roundup keeps the brands straight. Dipping is carried on under Government supervision. The 400 head sold annually bring premium prices, grossing from \$15,000 to \$20,000.

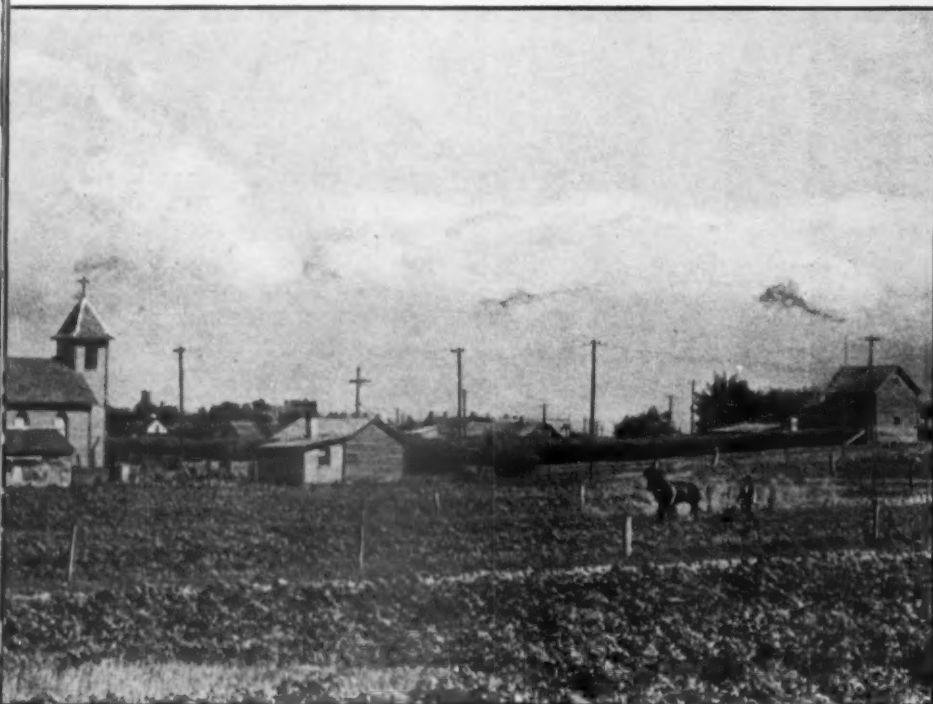
The Blackfoot Indians also mine coal. At Gleichen, Alberta, where coal has been found on their reserve, they have a mine with an annual payroll of \$26,000 that produced 10,000 tons of "black diamonds" last year. Started in 1931, the mine was on a paying basis by October of that year, and has been booming along ever since as a coöperative venture of the tribe. A white mining engineer directs the work, but the remaining help, from clerical to manual, is Indian.

There are 40 houses at the pit head, and a wash house with showers for the 50 miners. A dairy provides milk from tested cows at low cost. There is a blacksmith shop for mine ponies, a stable, drugstore, first-aid station, restaurant, tent dance-hall, and two churches. It is a true Indian community.

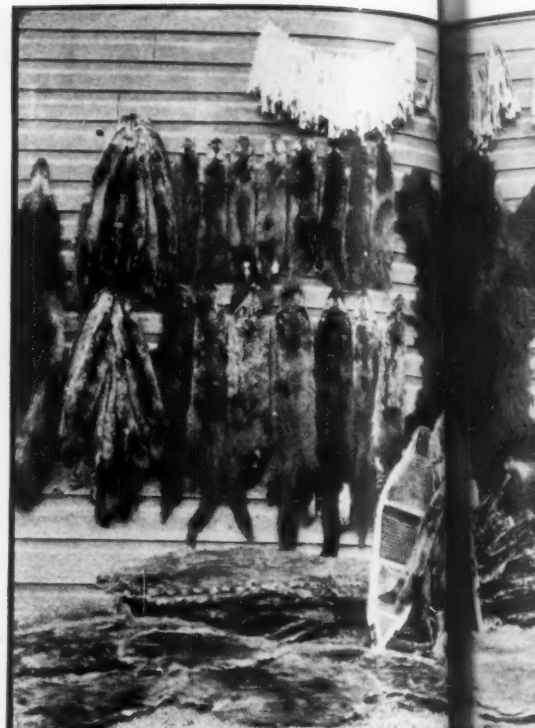
To a visitor it may seem incongruous to see a red man, whose grandfather's greatest delight was chasing the buffalo or "lifting ha'r," swinging a pick in a coal mine or following a cultivator in a potato patch. But the Indian doesn't see anything strange about it. The Anglo-Saxon may have his tradition of parliamentary procedures, but the Indian has had ingrained in his nature by centuries of necessity and custom a consciousness of his dependence upon his fellow tribesmen for food and protection. What is more natural to him, therefore, that in this new day all should pool their work in a coöperative? Besides, isn't it much better, he will reason, to have a young member of the tribe trained in the intricacies of bookkeeping at a school to look after the wealth of the tribe?

Coöperatives have proved quite generally successful among the tribes of the Great Plains and the foothills of Alberta. Many of the

THOUGH truck gardening may seem a prosaic job for the once nomadic Indian, this settlement at Broadview, Saskatchewan, is wholly Indian and lives by raising fresh vegetables.



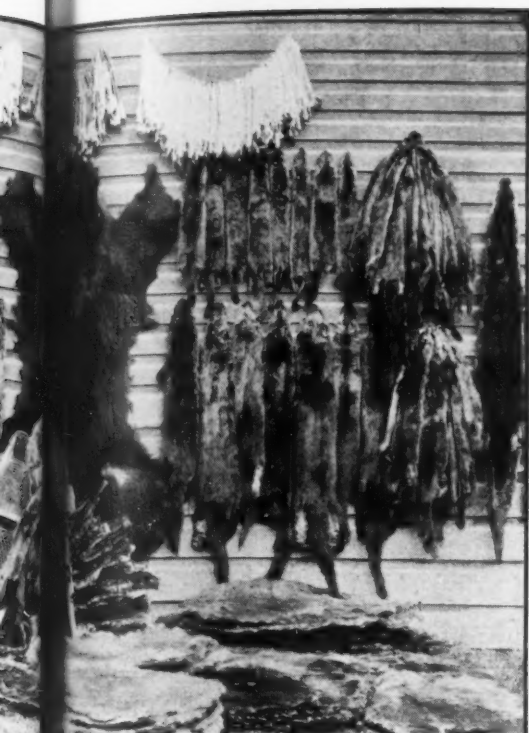
Photos: (above) Sawdiers; (right and far right) Canadian Nat'l Rys.



SINCE the Russian fur catch no longer reaches the market, Canadian Indians are reaping better prices for a season's pelts, such as these. Trapping in many areas is forbidden except to Indian hunters.







reaches ME is distinctly not of the essence when (below) better Indians gather at the annual treaty-payment table. Trappers the paymaster (left) makes notes while the doctor (an hunter) asks about any illnesses in the family.



Indians in southern Quebec, southern Ontario, and along the Atlantic coast, however, carry on much as their individualistic white neighbors. Some have their farms, some are employed as bridge and road workers or in factories. But from the St. Lawrence north to the Eskimo country, the Indians are still hunters and trappers. Large tracts have been set aside for their exclusive use.

Along the West coast, too, are large areas in which the fur-bearing animals flourish, and here the Indians trap pelts as well as hunt and fish. While only 7 percent of the total population of Canada is located in British Columbia, approximately 20 percent of the total Indian population is in that Province.

Not all the Indians are on reserves, but wherever they are they know that the Government doesn't forget them. More than 500 full- or part-time doctors and dentists look after their health. Several hospitals are for Indians only, but they may be treated at some 200 public hospitals or by the special field nursing service. The 18,000 Indian children in the 79 boarding and the 288 day schools receive regular physical examinations and needed treatment. Small wonder it is that tu-

berculosis and trachoma, once the Indians' scourge, have been checked and that the major diseases are now measles and whooping cough!

The impact of civilization has not been without its comic side. Not long ago a Hollywood movie company took up location in Western Canada for a picture whose background was pioneer life. Indians were to play a part in the action. The advance agents made all necessary arrangements with officials and the tribal agents, and made a down payment to the latter. Imagine the surprise and chagrin when the cameras and stars and directors arrived at the location to find the Indians, faithful to their promise, all on hand—but with each squaw the possessor of a fine new permanent wave!

Like a kindly father, Canada is helping its Indians, the First Families of the Dominion, make the transition from savagery to civilization. Efforts range from mink farms to agricultural stations, from cattle dipping to hospitals and schools. In short, Canada meant just what it said, many years ago, when it told the children of stream, forest, and plain that if they would play their part, the Government would look after them "as long as the sun shines and the rivers run."

IN NORTHERN Ontario, trapping, hunting, and fishing give a living, to which these Indians are adding by "packing in" 200-pound loads of flour for the local trading post.



# Broke in 1933; On Top in 1941

By Wm. F. McDermott

Staff Writer, Chicago Daily News

The amazing story of a firm that pulled out of the red during the depression because—well, that is the story!

**I**N 1933 the depression hit bottom, and a Chicago kitchenware concern was one-half million dollars in the red. Employees had dwindled from 1,000 to 24. Creditors and stockholders were gloomily reconciled to the "77-B Road"—bankruptcy.

But one day last June, every debt was paid off with accumulated interest—\$599,500 in all. A tidy nest egg was in the bank. And sales had zoomed from nearly nothing to 4 million dollars a year.

That is the obvious part of the amazing story I am about to report. If you want to know the how of it and why of it, which aren't so obvious, read on.

The resuscitated concern is the Club Aluminum Company. In the '20s, sales had totalled 40 million dollars. Trained salesmen had demonstrated to 5 million American housewives how "waterless cooking" in aluminum vessels over a low flame conserved natural juices and flavors of meats and vegetables. But the novelty of it had worn thin, competitors increased, customers were stocked up—and came the depression. At that point, Herbert J. Taylor steps into this story, and from there on it centers around him and men and women he trained.

Taylor was one of the thousands of young Americans whose career was interrupted by World War I. He was a "gob." Back from the wars, he studied business at Northwestern University, then went to Oklahoma to try out what he had learned by selling insurance. Having the knack for getting things done, he was added to the staff of the Jewel Tea Company, whose home offices are near Chicago. There he moved ahead and by 1933 was executive vice-president with a salary in five figures and what business writers call "an assured future."

Rumors drifted in of Club Aluminum's plight. It really meant

little to Jewel if Club folded up: it would simply buy its premium utensils from one of many other manufacturers eager to sell. Yet when Club offered its presidency to Jewel's active young vice-president, he accepted. His boss was the second most surprised person in the world, outranked only by Taylor's wife.

Why had he done it? Well, there were several young fellows who had jobs at Club because Taylor had recommended them to the company and the company to them. He couldn't let them down, for one thing. And for another he had some ideas about square dealing—how it pays out. Pretty fuzzy ideas they were, but he wanted a chance to think them through, put them into words, then into action.

So he advanced his own savings of \$6,100 to Club for working capital—no bank would risk a penny on that "dead horse"—and took over. Days he worked to salvage what business was left; nights he turned his ideas over and over in his mind.

These ideas were some very old-fashioned copybook maxims. "That which should be done can be done." "In right there is might." "Honesty is always the best policy." "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Maybe you will scoff. But remember I am merely a reporter setting down facts of this case.

"They sound like the *Bible* to me," I ventured.

Taylor conceded that they did. He went further and admitted that it was while studying the Sermon on the Mount that he captured the concept which he believes more than anything else is responsible for the comeback of the Club Aluminum Company. He calls it his "Four-Way Test," and here it is:

1. Is it the *truth*?
2. Is it *fair* to all concerned?
3. Will it build *goodwill* for the

company and *better friendships* for our personnel?

4. Will it be *profitable* for all concerned?

This simple formula didn't come easily. Its evolution spread over many months. Hovering over it was the very practical question: *Will it work?*

Well, I've already given you the answer. But as a newspaper reporter of sufficient experience to be as hardboiled and skeptical as Hollywood's movies can make 'em, I went to the Club Aluminum headquarters office to look it over. It was efficient. I could see that at a glance. And it was equally obvious that the employees were friendly, even happy. I chatted with several, even asked them catch questions. They talked of the Four-Way Test as frankly, as unsentimentally, as they discussed sales plans and procedures.

Wages were good, and a share in profits was regularly paid to employees. Suggestions for improvement of company business were welcomed; also criticism of the company's dealings with them. If someone must be discharged, he was told precisely why he must go. There was no evasion about it, and the discharged employee didn't go away with a favorable half-truth in a "to whom it may concern" letter of recommendation. Or if the employee had special qualifications that didn't fit him into the Club setup, but might be useful elsewhere, Club went out of its way to help him find the right job.

That, I was repeatedly told, is the Four-Way Test in operation in the field of employer-employee relations.

But what about competitors? I bored deep on that one.



A SALES CAMPAIGN

I learned that from the very first Taylor dismissed the idea of underselling his competitors. He knew that he couldn't offer an outstandingly superior product. But he also was certain that if he put out quality pots and pans and created a demand for them, Club would make money.

So he turned to improving merchandising methods.

Club's success had been built on a folksy but now outmoded scheme. A representative—often a college boy—would arrange with a housewife to use her kitchen, then invite neighboring women in for a free demonstration. As Taylor studied it, he glimpsed new possibilities. He would streamline it. He would take it directly to the consumer through tea and coffee house dis-

get you by for a while, but, in the long run, honesty is the only policy that pays—and we are in business to stay."

Taylor's associates will tell you how he put this belief to work in advertising. When an advertising layout was brought to him, he would scrutinize it, then put up four fingers and check it. "Is it the truth? Is it fair to all concerned?"—and so all the way through the Four-Way Test. Many a beautiful "ad" or piece of promotional literature was killed because it didn't give the whole truth. If Taylor's hunch was that the copy was too smooth, or gave the wrong *impression*, he would try it out on housewives. There must be no cutting of corners, no overselling a customer, no undermining a competitor.

store outlet. By an oversight the dealer's comptroller had not been notified, so assumed the deal had not gone through and met the entire expense. Months later the error was discovered at Club. The store insisted that the deal was closed, but Club insisted that it should pay. Letters were exchanged—quite a file of them. Club won the argument by sending its check for \$520. Need it be added that that dealer ever since has pushed sales of a product backed by such an inexorably honest policy?

Another example: One dark depression day an inquiry for half a million dollars' worth of goods came—heaven-sent manna for the struggling company. But Taylor and his associates studied it closely. The goods were to be



PAIGN the "Four-Way Test" by Club Aluminum President Herbert J. Taylor (second from right). . . . A demonstration booth in a department store.

tributors. He would also set up booths in department stores, in charge of trimly uniformed home-economics experts to whom housewives would go for counsel in their cooking problems just as they consulted doctors about their children's health.

Those ideas worked out well. So did another one developed later. It was based on the logic that if camera fans would buy films at the store where they purchased their equipment, so women might take to the idea of purchasing pots and pans at the grocery store where they bought the food they cooked in them.

"Business is built on confidence," Taylor repeatedly told his staff, "and you gain confidence, goodwill, and customer acceptance by sticking to the truth. Subterfuge and cleverness may

One time an expensive advertising folder had been printed, was being sent out. It told the facts about the merits of waterless cooking, but buried deep was a paragraph pointing out shortcomings of the boiling method. Somehow it had got through without Taylor's okeh. When he saw it, he called in his publicity director.

"Stop it—recall every copy you can reach," he ordered. "We don't need to knock our competitors who sell equipment for cooking by the boiling method. We sell our goods on their merits."

A new folder was brought out, confined to stating what results could be secured by cooking with Club utensils.

Club won confidence in various ways. In one instance, it had agreed to pay half the salary of a demonstrator in a department-

used in a huge premium-promotion scheme. Did it meet point one? Yes, there was nothing untruthful about it. But was it fair to all concerned? Here was a snag. What about the local dealers who already had put their trust in Club and were handling its wares: would it be fair to them to allow the identical trademarked items they were selling to be practically given away as premiums? There could be but one answer to that. The sorely needed half-million-dollar order was turned down.

Foolish? Not to Club's way of thinking.

It even insists that every deal should involve a profit for *all* concerned. That's Test Number Four, and the hardest of all to apply consistently. Taylor is adamant on it. Before he buys, he makes sure the price offered is



not too low. If he thinks the seller won't get a decent profit, he will either pay him enough so that he will, or buy elsewhere. In one case I investigated, a printer had made a mistake in his estimate and had lost a considerable amount of money. When Club's executives learned of it, a check was dispatched to cover the man's loss.

"But you didn't need to," I commented as we sat at the glass-topped table in his office.

"No," Taylor admitted, "not according to the law books. But what is the use—or fun—of having ideals if you don't back them up with action? I mean really try to live them in your business and in your home as well as in church on Sunday. The law goes only a little way in prescribing what is fair and honest. I believe a man ought not just live up to the law, but to try to live up to the equity the law tries to express."

"How," I put in at this point, "does he know what that is?"

"Well, it helps to have some sort of a code to act as a yardstick. Our Four-Way Test is one of many. Let a man measure his acts by it—all four tests—and his conscience will be his judge. I believe that this old world of ours has a principle running through it which works like a law of physics. If a man lives up to the best that his conscience dictates, he will come out all right."

**T**HAT sounded very much like a religious faith. I said so. Taylor chuckled.

"Yes, guess it is," he went on. "When we started our Four-Way Test, I discussed it in conference with our four department heads, who happened to be a Catholic, a Jew, a Christian Scientist, and a Presbyterian. They were unanimous that it was a common denominator for all their faiths."

Later I was to learn that Taylor is a devout churchman. He teaches a Sunday-school class of 35 high-school boys and has turned over to them the basement of his fine home for clubrooms. Half of the space is for play, the other half is a study room with a fireplace where the youngsters discuss character in business and choice of vocations.

"The source of character in industry is religious faith," he went on. "From it comes the desire to put one's ideals into practice. We have simply incorporated our religious ideals into a simple working code of four points.

"But get this: Though we ask our stockholders, employees, distributors, and customers to let us know when we don't live up to the Four-Way Test, after eight years of sincere effort we feel we are living up to about 70 percent of our ideals. We regret that we haven't done better. Yet looking back, I can see that we are making progress in learning the implications of what the Four-Way Test really means, and with it has come an increase in sales, earnings, and creation of new opportunities for our employees.

"And get this too: 'Herb' Taylor may have had something to do with writing the Four-Way Test, but the men and women he works with are the ones who have proved it. Whatever success Club Aluminum has had is largely due to them. The interesting thing about it to me is that as they have tried to put the Four-Way plan into operation here, they have learned ways-of-doing that have changed their own personal lives."

I interrupted to ask if he really thought the Four-Way Test could solve employer-employee problems.

"Certainly — if conscientiously applied!" And he didn't hesitate as he said it. "Most strikes and lockouts and other forms of industrial strife can be traced directly to selfishness, insincerity, unfair dealings, or fear and lack of friendship among the men concerned. There are many ways to discover the flaw in a given case, but I think one usually can put his finger on it by applying the Four-Way Test."

Taylor, I have not mentioned heretofore, is a Rotarian, a Past President of the Rotary Club of Chicago, and at present is a District Governor. I suggested that his fourth point, having to do with profits, was very much like the Rotary motto, "He profits most who serves best."

"That's the gist of it," he agreed. "To serve others through business, you must sell your goods or your services. To sell, you must

have their goodwill. Goodwill is built on confidence. Build it today, among your employees, your competitors, and your customers, and like a boomerang it will return to you tomorrow with a profit—usually in dollars as well as in peace of mind, permanent success and happiness. Profit is the last of our four tests, because no business deal is permanently profitable unless it is true, fair, and goodwill building." . . .

**W**ELL, Mr. Reader, there's the how and why during the depression Club Aluminum pulled itself out of a half-million-dollar hole. An official of one of America's largest banks, which had given the company a large loan in its palmy days, and expected to lose it, recently declared he had never heard of a concern "so broke" coming back. There are other details I could add to this story, of course. But as objectively as I can, I've reported to you the main facts, omitting only one. Now is the time to tell it.

Last June, you will remember, Club Aluminum paid off the last cent of its debts, but it also was last June that Uncle Sam clamped down on aluminum. Not a pound could be bought for any save defense use. Several aluminum fabricators took defense contracts, dropping their sales personnel. But to Club, that didn't square with the Four-Way Test. Immediately it looked for nondefense lines—glassware, silverware, and dishes. A few Government orders came in. A loyal staff facilitated the shift in operations. Already Club is "breaking even" and holding its sales force—but that is for another article.

Overnight, the aluminum-utensil business was gone "for the duration."

And that, I suspect, is why I can now tell this story. For more than a year I had been hounding that man Taylor for permission to write about his work. Always the answer was a genial, "No." Maybe it was because of a feeling that he would profit to someone's disadvantage by the publicity. Maybe it was modesty. Probably it was a bit of both. No matter: now it can be told.

I hope, Mr. Reader, it chirks you up as it did me!



DR. SEUSS' dramatic cartoon depicts the plight of an advertising copy writer (groping for an inspiration on canned beans) who did not follow the author's advice.

# Change Your Pace

By Hilton Gregory

*Open up, throttle down—hit any speed that isn't like you. The rare sensation will refresh and renew you.*

**A**LL OF US have experienced at one time or another the feeling of renewal that comes from a change of pace. The change may come about unconsciously, yet we are quite conscious of its effects. We may be walking or driving along slowly. Something happens that makes us speed up. New sensations occur; actually new thoughts cross the mind; there is a sharpening of interests. We become more alert, quickened by expectancy. It is like riding behind a family horse which, on approaching home, breaks from an aimless walk into a purposive trot. There is a feeling of movement and hope that finds a pleasant response in us. Or if we have been walking breathlessly beyond our pace, there is not only relief, but a feeling of repose in slowing down.

So many and so repeated are the experiences demonstrating the advantages of using several gaits that it is strange we do not apply this principle deliber-

ately and not by chance to our daily living. We have been belabored again and again by moralists who tell us that we live at too fast a clip, that we must slow down. And of course we don't. But we could, all of us, change our pace frequently enough to keep us from tedium, on one hand, or apoplexy, on the other.

Such a change would yield instant returns in healthy living and downright pleasure. The pace that kills is the pace that never changes. If we are to live without depleting ourselves, we must learn to mix our slow ball with our fast one as a good pitcher does on the mound.

While it is true that for most of us a change of pace would mean automatically slowing down, it is also true that in many of our activities we would be well advised to speed up. We may walk and talk too fast, but we may think and work too slowly.

Everyone in journalism is familiar with the access of power that comes as a deadline approaches. The reporter or the make-up man or the people on the copy desk all turn out better work under pressure, as the phrase is, in half the time it takes when there is no pressure exerted by a schedule. It is not the pressure really that matters so much as it is the speeding up, the switch in pace that pressure requires. The acceleration releases powers and aptitudes that have been latent if present at all before. I have seen men, when there is time, bone for an hour over a title or a heading—conjuring up, as the slow mind at work will, dozens that are no good. But as the hour approaches when there is no time to dally, but only to pitch in swiftly and do the job, their minds click and the decisions and pungent captions come in a flash. It is not mere speed that does the trick, but speed that follows periods of slow-

ness and deliberation. The mind under such strains is a good deal like a tight-rope walker. If there is danger near the end of the rope, the best thing to do is to speed up rather than slow down.

The surprising values of fast reading turned up by the college and high-school reading clinics have sharp bearing here. If one reads too slowly, his mind wanders and he may end up confused and blank. He may have to rein himself around and read the passage over. But the experts point out that the best way to get something out of the printed page is to read it fast, to set about to see how quickly it can be intelligently covered.

**PUT THIS** to the test in the clinic of your own experience. With the tremendous amount of fact and interpretation to be covered today, try a change of pace in your reading. The chances are that this change ought to be from one of casual and leisurely inspection to one of alert, concentrated, and swift consideration. But if you have allowed yourself to become a scanner, a hit-and-run reader, you may need to pull yourself up and give more time to the job. No one pace is adequate in reading. There are books to be read hastily and others to be read with a loving delay. And reading can become far more of an adventure than it is to most of us and more of a pleasure too if we quite intentionally pace ourselves to savor as well as to gobble.

I have a nephew whose slowness is the despair of his teachers, not to mention his kin. At the age of 9 he gets his work done in his own good time. He is a plodder, and as such I respect him. But plodding, like any other virtue, can be carried to excess. What the boy has needed all along is a change of pace, and now he is beginning to get it.

The other morning his mother suggested with wisdom that he write a letter before going to school. He had written other letters before. Some of them had taken a whole day, off and on, to compose, and they were nothing to crow about when he got through. In this case, though, his time was limited. He was told to turn loose and write his grandmother everything he could think of in the 20 minutes he had before school time. He went at the job with good spirit. The result was far and away the best letter he had ever done. His penmanship and wording were better, and he wrote almost three times as much as he had ever written in a letter before.

It was the change of pace that did the trick, for it put the emphasis upon the preciousness of time and the importance of using it to the maximum effect. Obviously, a speed that shows some decent respect for the value of time, a

concentrated use of our abilities in a limited space, a pace that will pull us out of our lethargy, a deliberate quickening of the intellectual step, so that it has more giddap and spring to it, is what many of us need.

We've been kidding ourselves too long with the notion that we are rushed to death. We are rushed with the wrong things. In these we ought to slow down, but in others we ought to speed up. "Slow and easy" is no motto for an interesting life. There has arisen among essayists and pedagogues the notion that there is some value per se in slowness. Slowness may be a curse and a deterrent and often a man can get further with a difficult job by plunging into it full steam.

Pace is a matter of prime importance in tackling anything. To this the amateur pianist, among others, can attest. He knows that he may work endlessly over a passage in the halting manner of the beginner and then all of a sudden his technique improves remarkably because he speeds up his playing. Or he may have slopped over a passage by playing it too fast, yet by slowing down he can iron out the parts that have irritated him and probably been the bane of families and neighbors who were forced to listen to his ragged playing.

Not infrequently a change of pace is in itself a means of learning. I recently decided that I must improve my longhand. Years of using the typewriter steadily—added to the fact that I never learned to write as a child—made it a serious matter. I discovered that I had been rushing pell-mell through my words under the impression that I was a very busy man. I disciplined myself to slow down, to write painfully and meticulously. I speeded up other things to give myself enough time for this, and my friends and associates will testify gratefully that the improvement has been a long step in the direction of legibility. And as a golden by-product, what was once a chore and a disgrace has become a pastime.

Let's not assume that altering our tempo will necessarily improve our work or help us to get ahead. It probably will, but the main point to remember is that variety in tempo will increase our enjoyments. If you are doing something tedious, you may find it fun if you do it at a different speed.

Here is a chance at pleasure within the range of every one of us, no matter what his calling may be. Many tasks—to mention only cleaning house and writing letters—are oppressive in part at least because they are time consuming. We always go at them in the same old painstaking fashion. But if we make them an affair of cavalry, the spirit picks up, our attitude changes, and the job becomes an adventure—or

a contest at least. For the odd part of it is that a job done at different speeds is not the same job at all. The motions, the emotions, the reactions, connected with it are all different. A good many people of my acquaintance pine to change their jobs when what they ought to do is to change the pace with which they do their jobs—mix up their work and get some variety into the tempo.

Doctors will tell you that what we call second wind is really a change of pace induced by muscle fatigue. Under this fatigue we unconsciously change the pace of whatever physical activity we are engaged in. That change sets up a whole new current of nervous energy, gives a fresh stimulus to muscle fibers, and thus serves to restore us. But we can't expect Nature to take care of all our problems. She can only give us the hint. We can acquire a second wind by intelligent concern for the gaits we set ourselves. If you have been methodically moving around the house, making beds, dusting, sweeping, try shifting the flow of your energy into a different rhythm. Or in the office, vary rush typing with work at slower speed. As you work at any fatiguing task, you will find that an occasional change of tempo rewards you, like the second wind, with a glowing sense of power.

Nowhere in the simple acts of daily life would changing our pace make more difference than in eating. Those of us who devour our food and those of us who toy with it hardly ever change our speed, and the result is that we miss half the fun of eating. I know because I have tried a change. I have tried imagining that I was a slow-motion picture of myself. The actual muscular process itself is fun that way, and the savor of the food is enriched a hundredfold. I have really tasted for the first time, in this judicious and deliberative way, foods I had been eating half-consciously all my life.

**IT WAS** several years ago that I first learned the joys of changing pace. I bought a new car. The thing was a pride and a joy to me, and I decided to obey explicitly all the instructions that came with it—chiefly the injunction not to drive over 35 miles an hour until the car was broken in. I decided, indeed, to outdo the instructions and not drive over 30. For a month I enjoyed a pace absolutely new to me. Assisted by one of these clever new contraptions on the dash (which causes the pointer on the speedometer to change from green to yellow when the car hits 30), I drove along in a kind of daze of pleasure, enjoying a sensation far more exciting, I swear, than any speedster ever got out of hitting 70.

The fruits of this simple experience were many. [Continued on page 56]



# Some Day I'll Be in Rotary

By A Future Rotarian

IT IS ALMOST certain to happen. Some Wednesday noon this year, next year, or five years from now, the President of my home-town Rotary Club will call me to the speakers' table, extend his hand, and welcome me to the local and world-wide fellowship of Rotary. "Membership in a Rotary Club," I can fairly hear him saying, "is not only a privilege, but also a sober obligation. May you take into your mind and heart the old but vital ideal of our movement."

I say this is almost certain to happen. "And what conceit!" you reply. "What cocksureness!" It is neither, I promise you. Rotary is a tradition in our family, and I want earnestly to carry it on. If I prove my mettle first, I think I shall have the chance.

Here is my story: I made my bawling debut on this poor planet on the eve of World War I. And when, after five years of my squalling, war "over there" and frantic war effort over here, the world could settle down once more to the blessedness of peace, my father and a dozen other men from Main Street organized a Rotary Club in our very fair city. I well remember playing with the new Rotary wheel ashtrays and paperweights Dad had brought home, rummaging through dusty stacks of THE ROTARIAN in the attic when schoolteachers began to demand scrapbooks, and spilling a glass of water at my first father-and-son luncheon.

Wednesday-night suppers at home were virtually always a repeat performance of the Rotary Club's noon luncheon program, with Dad in every rôle: President, chairman, speaker of the day. And once in a while "the gov'nor" would grow so expansive about the Scout camp or some other Rotary "project" that we kids began to wish it didn't exist.

Rotary, in short, has been a household word in my family since my memory began. But there came to me, as I now know there does to everyone, a time when it was both natural and fashionable to doubt everything, to "go radical." Some poet, it seems to me, once said that there's nothing worse than a young conservative except perhaps an old radical. Well, I turned cynic, and Rotary itself came in for its share of my puerile sneers. Why all this striving to do good? The world's fundamentally evil anyway. Why all this civic service? To get your name in the paper, probably. Sure, and that's good for business. My own dad's motives weren't immune to my suspicion.

But the years have a way of bringing

wisdom, and I think they did to me—some at least. Now that I am married, a father, a breadwinner, and a taxpayer, I have a wholly new slant on my community—and a new respect for anyone who sincerely wants to help it. Too, I can now see what Rotary has done for Dad. He and I are business partners. About every third Wednesday I watch him set out for the Wilson House, the sourest boss on Main Street, only to return a different man. The hearty fel-



"THIS VISIT to the English Club was my first taste of Rotary international—and I liked it."

lowship of a friendly Rotary Club luncheon does that to him.

Rotary, I've found, is a definite business asset. Wait—hold your fire! I'm not talking about mercenary opportunism. Here's the way I see it: You have to be good in your line before Rotary asks you in. Cheap merchants, shyster lawyers, and quack doctors get a cool shoulder when a Rotary Club is on the hunt for new members. And once a good man's in, he's got to stay good—nay, improve—or it's good-by. Isn't that so? And the sum of it all is that a good merchant and a good doctor never are in want of business. And what confidence it gives a man to know and to be able to "first-name" some of the finest businessmen in town.

I sound as if I were already a Rotarian. I am not, but I've sat in as a guest at scores of Rotary Club luncheons—even one in England. Up for discussion at that particular meeting was the question of first names and nicknames versus "Mister."

"Suppose," said the President, as the debate reached 100° Centigrade, "that we ask our American friend, the son of a Rotarian, for his opinion."

I gave it freely, holding out volubly for first-naming, large luncheon badges, and community singing—all so typical of my dad's Club.

While the President thanked me for my views, he and the Club agreed to stick to the formality of "Mister" until "such time as the informality of nicknames à la American style might seem more fit." This visit to the English Club was my first taste of Rotary international—and I liked it.

Wherever I go, I pick up the trail of good Rotary works—student loan funds, boys' and girls' camps, crippled-children clinics, rural-urban coöperation, and so on. Two of my closest friends have recently become Rotarians, and are "getting a tremendous wallop out of it." They say it gives them a channel for a

lot of community steam they've never had a chance to use.

Yet I'm still on the outside looking in. But I have hopes. The pater says, "When you're ripe for Rotary, I'll propose you." And I think he's about ready to thump the apple.

What am I going to do when and if I'm elected to the ranks of Rotary? Well, after I'm sure I've caught on, I'd like to do my share toward making Rotary more popular in my town. I have heard the Club called "snooty," "uppish," "high hat." While I'm dead certain it is not and that the charge would hurt most of the members deeply, the impression remains and is too general to ignore. When I can help convince the people of my community that Rotary is for their good as well as for the actual members', I'll summon my energy and, with Rotary, go after the many things our city needs.

Have I missed the point of Rotary? Probably, but remember that I'm still an outsider, that I have much to learn, and that I have yet to experience the feel of belonging. That, I am sure, will come. For some day I'll be a Rotarian in Rotary.

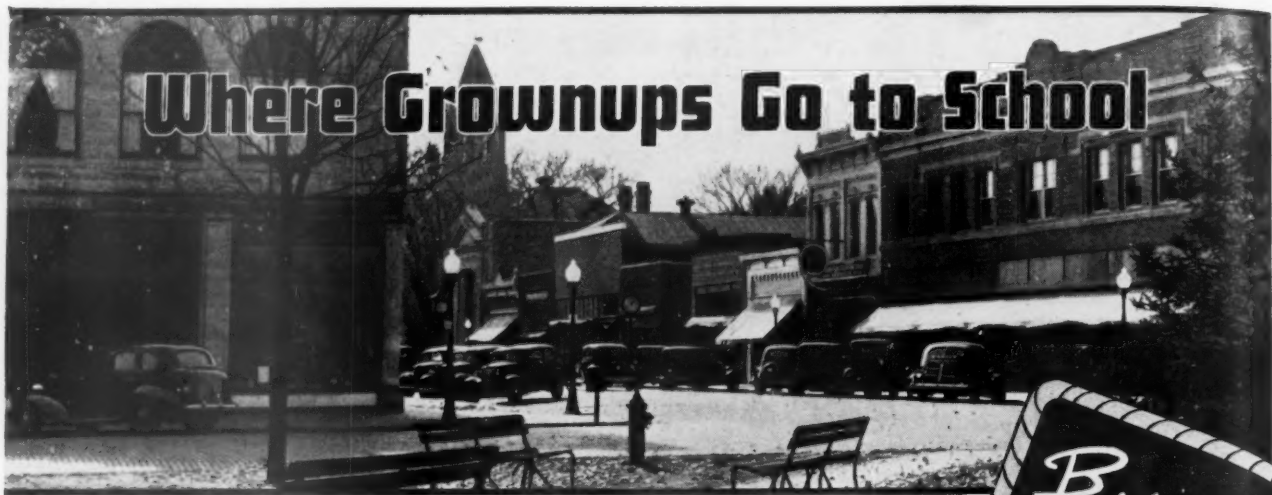


Photo: F.S.A., Rothstein

**M**ARENGO is a town of 2,200. It is one of those clean, comfortable little communities you come upon deep in Iowa's tall corn. It is a tranquil town—but *not* sleepy. A night school keeps it awake.

One recent day the local lumber dealer got a long-distance call. It was an invitation to make a speech. He listened a moment, harrowing his hair with nervous fingers. "Me talk on democracy?" he exclaimed finally. "Gosh, no, Joe! What could a fella like me say about democracy? I'm 100 percent for it, a-course, but. . . B'sides, I'm up to my ears managing my Night School class."

Off in a university city, almost on the same day, a prominent educator was dictating a letter to a colleague: ". . . I have just seen the Marengo Rural-Urban Adult Education Project—or "NightSchool" as the townfolk call it. It and the other schools like it are, I feel, one of the liveliest adult-education movements in America—as hopeful, democratically, as anything in the State of Iowa."

There you have it. The lumberman couldn't *talk* about democracy, but he could help make it *work* in a project deemed significant for all America.

"Significant"? Don't use that word on the average Marengoite. He'll count you a queer bird. To him, his Night School is "fun," "swell," "the best thing that ever happened to us," or "the *only* place to go on Monday night." But "significant"? The abstraction does not stir him.

But let me get down to earth myself. What is this school? What does the visitor see?

The visitor sees 450 grownups going back to school every Autumn for a concentrated session of mind oiling which lubricates local life the year around. The visitor sees townfolk and countryfolk, beauticians and bankers, Ph.D.'s and plumbers, taking part in a project sponsored by no one local

group, but backed by, and backing, all. The visitor meets teachers who pay the same fee to teach as do the pupils to learn, diplomas which stand for active, soul-satisfying learning—and a program planned to fit the needs and resources of a little inland American community . . . which straightway shows its greatest interest to be "world affairs."

The Marengo Rural-Urban Adult Education Project is *not* a vocational school. It teaches no skills of commercial value, pays no salaries. The farmer who, as its secretary, keeps its considerable records and the housewife, once a professional musician, who leads its choral group pay the same \$1 enrollment fee as the Greek candy-kitchen operator who merely argues in its "local government" class, or the insurance man who rises in its forum halls.

It consists of an 11-week session of class periods and forums aimed at "mental alertness, community improvement, and democratic getting-along-together." It is self-organized, operated, and financed.

**G**OVERNMENT is by an elective council of 40—ten farm men and ten farm women, ten town men and ten town women. And it is financed by a \$1 enrollment fee. Treasury balance after four years of operation—\$250.

Whose idea? Who goes? What happens? And what are its effects on community life?

Let's visit.

Seven forty-five on a Monday night. Main Street is empty. So is the Square. But down at the high school, window lights blaze and the front entrance is busy as groups of grownups, tossing greetings and toting notebooks, edge through the doors.

Inside there's an electric current of expectation and neighborliness. A young woman, trim in black knit, clicks down the stairs with a huge



Grant Wood print held aloft and barges smack into a jovial gentleman, an implement dealer, arms loaded with music books. Mutual apologies and laughter!

A group of matrons sidle through thinning throngs, gym shoes under arm. A well-scrubbed young fellow, nose in notebook, looks up at the clock, straightens his tie, snaps shut his book, and stomps up the stairs, still mumbling.

Comes the warning bell. Halls empty. In the side door dashes a family of late arrivals—pigtailed daughters in tow. Pigtailed are deposited in a room to the right, the nursery. Father and mother disappear up separate stairs.

A second bell. Doors slam. And another session of Night School is under way.

Behind closed doors 11 groups of grownups, ages 18 to 80, are studying subjects of their own choosing under informed and stimulating leaders. Of the latter, only three are teachers professionally; eight are not. "This," sparks the leader of the largest group, "is one school where teacher always learns more than Johnny."

For material, every possible agency is tapped. From WPA comes routines for the physical-training class. From

the Des Moines Register, maps for the book-review group. Resources of the Farm Bureau, State University, State Agricultural College, Conservation Offices, Extension Services, and Public School—all are used.

In the room to the right, 50 members of the music class are warming up with a South American folk song. Class organizer? Mrs. Arthur T. Boedecker, member of the Lutheran Choir and a Rotarian's wife. Teacher? Mrs. Milton Maack, farm wife with professional choral experience. Anyone who likes to sing is welcome, but the standard of performance is high, and desultory singers and frequent absentees soon drop out. Practically every church choir and singing group in town is represented, and each gains new energy, we're told, from the Night School choral group.

Season before last, the music class continued meetings for ten weeks after the school sessions were over and ended with a choral program which filled a local church to capacity and furnished funds for the organization of a year-round singing group plus the nucleus for a badly needed music library.

Last season, music-class influence was apparent in the capacity crowd, at \$2.50 per, which came out to hear local daughter Harriett Henders of New York's Metropolitan in a home-town concert.

Across the hall in the public-speaking room, 25 grownups representing 15 occupations are making voice records tonight on the high school's public-address machine. Immediate victim is Rotarian Rudy R. Schroeder, banker.

"At least 20 percent of the adults in any community have to get up and talk regularly whether they can or not," grins a class spokesman. "Our aim is to help them do it briefly, and effectively—as painlessly as possible."

Tonight's classwork is fascinating fun. Half of each disc is recording the voice of the victim during a prepared speech, the other half his extempore flailings. Purpose? To give him an immediate opportunity to hear himself as others hear him as well as later proof of his own progress. The testimony shows that the er's and ha-rumph's thus trimmed from local organized life would, if laid end to end, boost the current-thought class in the study hall above well out of their seats.

The latter is a book-review group—the oldest and one of the sprightliest classes in school. Originally for women, it now includes three ministers, a truck driver, a lumberman, several farmers and lawyers and businessmen, a produce handler, and an assortment of housewives, schoolma'ams, and



All photos pp. 41-43: John W. Barry

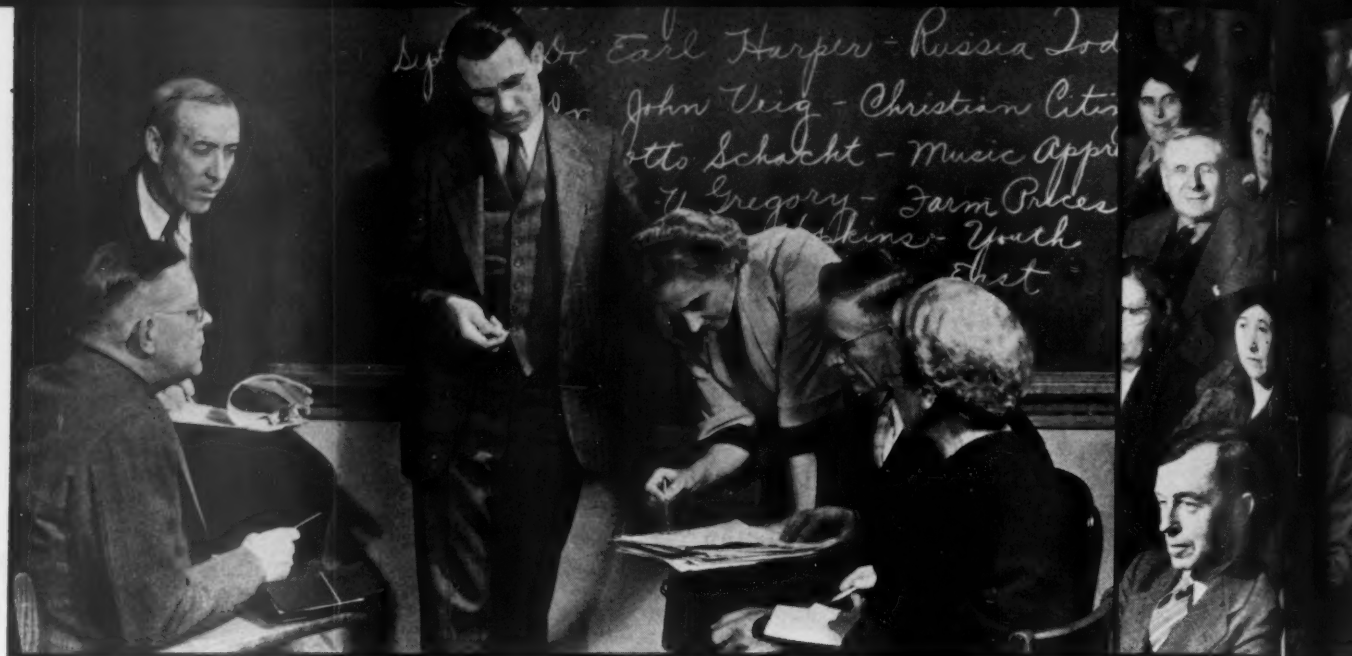
A Milder moment in the furious forum class of Marengo's lively Night School for adults. Here's where the little-pot-soon-hot can blow off his steam . . . or hear his neighbor, the farmer, jeweler, doctor, editor, or salesman blow h's. Result? A quickened citizenship.



THE CHORAL CLASS h-o-l-d-s it! This Night School group represents—and regenerates—every choir in this Iowa town. . . . Below: Leaders plow through a heap of new books to select the timeliest and most stimulating for review in current-thought class sessions.







THE EXECUTIVE Council of Marengo's school for grownups deliberates a matter of policy. Everyone here serves free. . . . A question for each concl

local businesswomen, ages 22 to 72. Average enrollment is 125.

Each Fall the committee in charge chooses a theme, and selects the books for review. Local people do the reviewing, are enjoined to set forth the author's opinions and hold back on their own (they may do their exploding in another class, designed just for that purpose). Mimeographed material, board work, and maps supplement the reviews—which have covered such books as Durant's *The Life of Greece*, Keith's *Land Below the Wind*, and Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin*. Tonight's book is Shirer's *Berlin Diary*. In the morning the volume will go to the local library to join many earlier Night School book donations.

Outgrowth of the current-thought group's activity is an estimated 40 percent increase in library use of historical novels, biography, and current

books on economic and political themes, an upsurge of book-club memberships, the sprouting of a popular nonsectarian book-night program conducted by a local pastor, and a noticeable enlivening of all community programs requiring reference material.

Other groups hurrying to finish class work before the bell rings for the civic forum are the always-popular farm class led by School Director R. W. Gruenwald; a handicraft group with membership limited to 35; the farm-law class led by local County Agent D. H. Zentmire, a Rotarian; a town men's class which has studied in separate years local government and taxation, insurance, business psychology, and conservation of wild life; a home-health group with a program provided by local physicians and nurses; and the home-arts, physical-training, and forum-discussion groups.

The latter is merely an appetizer for the civic forum to follow. Meeting under the leadership of local Newspaper Editor Rotarian Glenn Ellis, its lusty membership takes over the eighth-grade room, and, turning school desks into soapboxes, it threshes out subjects to be presented later by experts . . . and no hold barred.

Then, as all the classes adjourn, comes the civic forum. It's the dessert at this Monday-night feast for school-hungry grownups. It takes place in the high-school auditorium. Everybody attends. The speaker is an outsider, chosen by the school's governing council, and he's paid. Controversial subjects are welcomed, but expositors must speak with authority. Farm leaders, labor representatives, political analysts, educators, economists, artists, and religious leaders have all held forth. One of the most popular pro-



A BUSINESS GIRL shows the popular home-arts class how to fit a slip cover. . . . Below: Commencement. The diplomas certify only to good attendance—but Ph.D's and plumbers prize them alike. Of the 450 enrollees, some 300 win the scroll yearly.





...tion for which concludes each session. . . . Right: School's out!

grams, in fact, was a religious discussion conducted panel style by a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi, and a Protestant minister.

Forum arguments may reverberate for weeks around local dining tables and on street corners, but the howls of wrath raised by first civic forums have faded, and today's affairs are give-and-take, without fist banging. "We're learning that people who *think alike*," sparkles the sprightly young leader of the town women's group, "just *don't think*."

Marengo is not the only Iowa town to boast one of these coöperative adult-education projects. But Marengo's school is the largest of the dozen, and was one of the most immediately successful. It was organized in 1937 by R. L. Amsberry, teacher of agriculture in Marengo schools, who followed the original paper plan of one Glen Miller, then a graduate student at Iowa State Agricultural College.

The average community, Miller had written, is likely not to be an entity at all, but a 50-ring circus of overlapping organizations whose strengths



are dissipated in a competitive struggle for existence, whose leaders are drained dry through overuse, and whose purposes may have long since been forgotten. To the Miller plan for a democratic system of adult education built around the facilities of the public school, Amsberry added the coöperative feature and shaped the amazingly vital Marengo project.

Local opinion about the school varies, but most agree that it has bettered group relations, popularized adult learning, and fathered genuine community consciousness. That's an opinion; here is a fact: Organizations have changed meeting dates of 40 years' standing to make way for the community project. Here is another: About 300 of the 450 who enroll each year, attend with gapless regularity, and at commencement time (when there's even a graduation banquet) receive a diploma certifying thereto.

No one beamed more brightly in the

last commencement line than Miss Hattie Crenshaw, beloved high-school principal, as she accepted her diploma (see cut at left). She hadn't "cut" a single class.

This *is*, as I have said, a community project. For that reason you'd expect to find Marengo Rotarians somewhere in the picture. You do . . . everywhere. You see them in the teacher's chair, at the administrative sessions, in the forum class, on the floor at the civic forums. They'd be the last to claim any special credit for the success of the school—but they would also be last to desert it. Desert it? That's silly. Only a priority on thinking, which I do not foresee for America, could kill it.

You know, visiting educators like to say that Marengo's Night School is indeed "a working democracy," or "real home defense." Your average Marengo grownup is more likely to say:

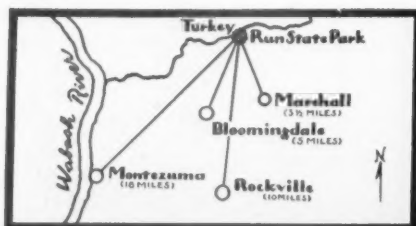
"Most fun I've had since the little red schoolhouse burned down."







## A Rotary Club That Is Different



"**S**EE THOSE four Indiana towns?" asked my Chief as he shoved a map at me. "Tomorrow night cars will head out from each for a meeting of one of the few Rotary Clubs of its kind—Turkey Run—the Club without a town. You'll be there! Take Scoopy along." . . .

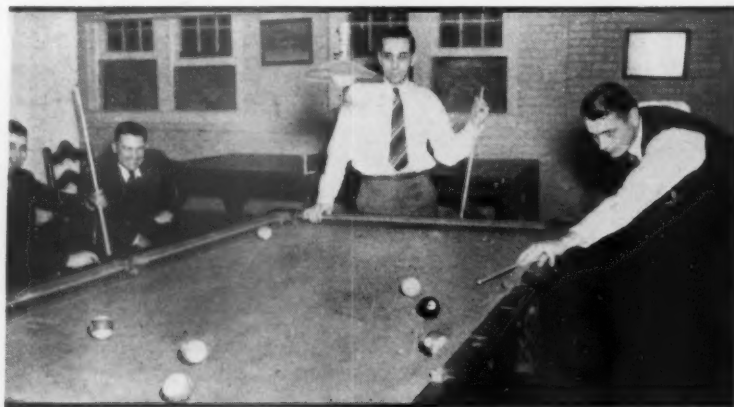
I was there—with Scoopy. On the way, we researched into the history of Turkey Run—learned how Indians once roamed this glacier-slit region . . . how narrow canyons made easy traps for wild turkeys . . . how far-sighted Hoosiers bought part of a large estate, presented it to the State . . . how, now grown to 1,300 beauteous acres known as Turkey Run State Park, it attracts 200,000 visitors annually . . . how a

Rotary Club meets there every Wednesday night. . . .

As the motor buggies purred up to the Inn, I figured their 41 passengers would, collectively, travel 415 miles that night—just to tie another knot in the net of Rotary-furthered cooperation encircling this neighborhood of four western Indiana agricultural-business communities: Rockville, the largest and county seat of Parke County, with its 2,338 people; Montezuma, "on the banks of the Wabash," with 1,336; Marshall, with 331; Bloomingdale, with 250.

Dame Nature did a grand job in this area, fitting it for men to live in and enjoy. Turkey Run Rotarians are now helping her to carry on.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



TWO AUTO LOADS have come early, and there's still time for a game of billiards (above) and a friendly chat (below) in a quiet corner of the spacious lobby of Turkey Run Inn, the Club's meeting place and far-famed vacation resort.



"SOUP'S on!" and there's a flight for Gobbler's Roost, where tables for four invite fellowship, intimate chats.





PRESENT to talk over District plans is Governor Harold Cooper (against screen), of Marion. Secretary Guthrie (standing) checks on details.



OUT ON an unsuccessful trek for turkeys, Scoopy pays his respects to the Inn's cat.



OILMAN H. G. Ridley, branch manager of the Mid-Continent Petroleum Corporation and the speaker of the evening, points out his industry's vital position in the nation's business life.



BELOW: Farmer-Businessman Harry Beeson is given a morning greeting by his pet mule.



ABOVE: To finance Christmas baskets for poor families in shacks like this, funds go into a turkey bank (right). They help sponsor a youth hostel, assist a Boy Scout troop (below).





# Rotary Reporter

Rotary Clubs  
5,114

Rotarians  
212,500



## CLUBS HELP IN 'NATIONAL SERVICE'

### Aid Refugees, Buy Bonds, 'Adopt' Warships

*Since September, 1939, when World War II started, Rotary Clubs around the world have found new opportunities to apply their concept of service. The following news notes, like scores of others that have appeared in THE ROTARIAN, report on such activities. (Note: Attention of Clubs in the United States is especially called to President Davis' message on page 7.)*

#### U. S. Clubs Fête Chinese People

In response to a suggestion of Tom J. Davis, President of Rotary International, many Rotary Clubs in the United States devoted a program last month to what radio announcers would call a "salute" to China. Speakers stressed the culture and progress of the Chinese people and the valor of their resistance to aggression. These Rotary "China Day" programs were widely publicized through the press and radio.

#### Meals... Morale for Fighting Men

In these columns last November was told the work of the HAMMOND, LA., Rotary Club in recruiting men for the United States Marine Corps. Since then the Club has been sending gifts to "its" recruits, including \$10 checks for Christmas. Members of the armed forces can usually make money go further than can civilians, as many taxes are not charged to them.

CALGARY, ALTA., CANADA, Rotarians

joined with Kiwanians to finance two trips of 100 Royal Air Force trainees each time to visit the national park at BANFF. Rotarians of BANFF assisted in the entertainment program. . . . The MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA, Rotary Club is sponsoring an Air Cadet flight.

#### Chicago 'Adopts' U.S.S. Chicago

The Rotary Club of CHICAGO, ILL., has "adopted" the crew of the U.S.S. Chicago—which means that the men aboard it will receive soap, shaving material, comforts, and remembrances from time to time. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, himself an active member of the CHICAGO Rotary Club, has expressed approval of the plan, provided the commanding officer of the ship approves.

Since all cruisers of the United States Navy are named for cities of the United States in which there are Rotary Clubs, they might all be thus "adopted." Smaller Clubs might adopt destroyers and other smaller vessels. British Rotary Clubs have been adopting mine-sweepers and trawlers for some time.

The CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, Rotary Club reports that war work occupies a prominent place in Club activities, as its members are backing two organizations which attend to material needs of men in the Army, Navy, and Air Force. They also keep in touch with the needs of the families of men who have gone into service, whether or not they are Rotarians.

#### Where's Your Boy? Tell These Clubs

The Rotary Club of BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND, was host recently to a warrant officer from POTSDAM, N. Y. Later the BOURNEMOUTH Secretary wrote to the Secretary of the POTSDAM Rotary Club and asked him to

report to the young man's father, not a Rotarian, that "it had been a privilege to receive him."

Rotarians and their sons who are at Jefferson Barracks, Scott Field, or Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., will be welcomed as guests by the Rotary Club of ST. LOUIS, Mo. . . . The Rotary Club of ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, will be glad to entertain any Rotarians and their relatives and friends stationed or based in Newfoundland.

The Rotary Club of ABILENE, TEX., wishes the names of Rotarians and their sons or daughters who are stationed at near-by Camp Barkeley. . . . The same is true of the PASO ROBLES, CALIF., Rotary Club and near-by Camp Roberts.

Soldiers, sailors, and marines from KENTLAND, IND., each received a gift from the local Rotary Club containing cigarettes, cheese, and shaving cream.

#### Bonds, Books, Bolster Defense

The Air Training Corps of CLACTON-ON-SEA, ENGLAND, composed of lads 15 to 17 years old, is the proud possessor of a "Flying Flea" plane for practice and study, the gift of Rotarian F. A. Fitch. The Rotary Club continues its active existence, though in a "defense area" (see page 52, August, 1941, ROTARIAN).

Rotarians of PROVIDENCE, R. I., have pledged \$125,200 purchases of defense bonds. . . . Scrap metal from old license tags and waste-paper collections are salvage efforts of the Rotary Clubs of ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., and MAMARONECK, N. Y., respectively.

During the latter days of 1941, Rotary International invested \$50,000 in United States defense bonds. Many Clubs, large and small, are putting surplus funds and permanent funds into this form of security.

The "Victory Book Drive," to collect millions of books for the armed forces, is calling many Rotarians to service. Many Rotary Clubs are making participation a Club activity.

To start a blood-donors clinic, the Rotary Club of BROCKVILLE, ONT., CANADA, gave \$600 for equipment and publicity. . . . Recently members of the OSSINING, N. Y., Rotary Club who volunteered were "typed" for blood-donor lists.

The call of the Red Cross for 50 million dollars was immediately answered by Rotary Clubs. Many gave from their treasuries at once, that of SOUTH BEND, IND., calling a special meeting of the Board of Directors to vote \$200, the first gift received from a civic organization in the area.

The Rotary Clubs of PUERTO RICO



NAVY-MINDED Manchester, N. H., Rotarians heard a speech by Fellow-Citizen Congressman Arthur B. Jenks, member of the House Naval Affairs Committee. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox is an honorary member of the Club, Manchester being his former residence.



(District 45) have raised \$225 to publish pamphlets and posters on selective service and national defense.

As was to be expected, formation of local Civilian Defense Councils found Rotary Clubs and Rotarians eager to become active. Almost every Club in the United States has some representation on its city's local organization—as, for instance, ROME, GA., where the chairman and four members are Rotarians, and CRESCENTA-CANADA, CALIF., where 13 members are on the local or county committees or in war work.

A recent dance and bridge tournament sponsored by the AUBURN, N. Y., Rotary Club netted \$1,000 to equip "blood banks" in two hospitals of that city. A number of Rotarians added a pint of their blood to the gift.

#### Canadian Clubs Augment Service

The Rotary Club of TORONTO, ONT., has been sending large bundles of clothing to LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, and has built up an organization to pack and ship expeditiously. It offers other Clubs of Canada the services of this organization. Used clothing is preferred to new, as recipients need not give up clothing coupons for this. Layettes, however, are always of new material. Clothing for children 3 to 10 years old, shoes for men and women, and bedding are particularly needed.

"Boys overseas" are not forgotten. Members of the GRAVENHURST, ONT., Rotary Club send a box each month to the men from their town, and the SHEL-BURNE, ONT., Rotary Club sent cigarettes to each of the 28 SHEL-BURNE boys now in England.

#### Honor Architects... Busses Roll

The Rotary Club of GENERAL ROCA, ARGENTINA, has obtained official sanction of a plan whereby a prize will be awarded to the finest building constructed in the city during the Rotary year—that is, the period between July 1 and June 30—each year. The committee of award for the current year, appointed by the Mayor, includes the President of the Rotary Club and the Rotarian author of the plan.

When 20 ESPERANZA, ARGENTINA, high-school students, whose special courses required travel to the near-by city of SANTA FE, faced loss of a whole year's credit because a bus line suspended operations, ESPERANZA Rotarians organized a system whereby the busses resumed operation, and the scholars completed their studies.

#### Uruguayan Club Spurs Science

When a group of MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, Rotarians learned that original research on filterable viruses being carried on at the National Institute of Hygiene was to be suspended because of lack of funds, they took action. Finding that the discoveries of Professor Estenio Hormaeche promised to be of great value in fighting disease and that the medical school under which the Institute functions was unable further to finance the work, they appealed to fellow Rotarians and

in two weeks raised the necessary \$25,000. They also elected Dr. Hormaeche to membership in the Club!

#### Brushes Brighten Bicuspid

Besides distributing 2,000 toothbrushes and samples of dental paste to school children, the Rotary Club of SAN PEDRO SULA, HONDURAS, has made arrangements for motion-picture films showing care of the teeth, all as part of an oral-hygiene campaign the Club is sponsoring.

#### The Candles Burn for Many Clubs

The Rotary Club of ANDERSON, S. C., which will celebrate its 25th anniversary this month, would appreciate hearing from Rotary Clubs all over the world, and suggests that other Clubs celebrating silver anniversaries might also like to hear. These others include Lynchburg, Va.; Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Elizabeth, N. J.; Waterbury, Conn.; Chester, Pa.; Brantford, Ont., Canada; Waxahatchie, Tex.; Richmond, Ind.; Stevens Point, Wis.; Arkansas City, Kans.; Appleton, Wis.; Chanute, Kans.; Lewiston-Auburn, Me.; Elkhart,



SAILORS ahoy! If you're on board the U. S. Cruiser Chicago, these men—S. E. Peacock, Victor C. P. Dreiske (President), and David Shillinglaw, of the Chicago Rotary Club—will see that you have books, smokes, and candy.



SIOUX FALLS, So. Dak., boys in the armed services—550 of them—received boxes of tasty candy recently, thanks to the local Rotary Club. The young ladies did the packing.

Photo: de Jough



LAUSANNE, Switzerland, Rotarians were hosts to these 12 children from Vichy, France, for three months, in recognition of pre-war days when the Vichy Club was host to Lausanne children at the famous Vichy Springs. Mlle. Maury (left) is Assistant Secretary at Vichy.





ROTARIAN "cavemen" of Grants Pass, Oreg., welcomed District Governor W. R. Dowrey, presented him with a "passport"—a jawbone.

# The price of membership is attendance

LOOMIS ★	SHAPER ★	ENLOE 1	CHINIS 3
LEBAN ★	MOTTINHOFF ★	OSER 1	NUGENT 3
PEREZ ★	CURRIE ★	WHITE 1	S. WYNOLDS 3
MORSE ★	YOUNG ★	KELLY 1	ROTH 3
LITTLE ★	JAMES ★	TISCH 1	SWENEY 3
MALV ★	WILKINSON ★	TONGE 1	ROBERTS 3
HOULAND ★	KRACH ★	REICHSON 1	RICHARDS 3
BAKER ★	GUNN ★	KUTZ 3	BOUWER 3
PAHL ★	TARR ★	PA. HANSEN 1	PETERSON 3
WABE ★	WATERS ★	J. BORDWIE 1	SMITH 3
STRAUSS ★	ANDERSON ★	SMITH 1	HAMILTON 3
ROBERTSON ★	BORRAGO ★	SELLERS 2	WEST 3
J. BORDWIE ★	REINHOLD ★	COSSETTE 2	CRUMHOLD 3
BAIRN ★	CHANDLER ★	FALL 3	M. OWENS 3
M. DAVID ★	COLGAN ★	A. WILLIAMSON 1	CALDWELL 3
MYERS ★	MARTIN ★	HURST 2	PETERSEN 3
MOUTON ★	OLDENBERG ★	C. REYNOLDS 2	CRONIN 3
WAGNET ★	WOODING ★	BIVELY 2	
DUNLAP ★	KILPATRICK 1	FISH 3	
FULLER ★	PULSIFURY 1	MOORE 3	
NICHOLS ★	ROSE 1	ELLIS 3	
BATTY ★	BEHARD 1	W. ALTYNG 3	
BEANS ★	WILLIAMS 1	STAPLES 3	
BROWN ★	CEARLEY 1	ALEXANDER 3	
THOM ★	HENDRICK 1	HARGOLD 3	

A CONSTANT attendance chart keeps Chico, Calif., Rotarians on their toes. . . . Below: When the San Rafael, Calif., Rotary Club was host to an intercity meeting with Mill Valley and San Anselmo at the San Quentin State Prison, inmates gave a tumbling show.



Ind.; Pine Bluff, Ark.; Henryetta, Okla.; Petersburg, Va.; and Perth, Scotland.

A hearty welcome goes out to these new Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International: Goiaz, Brazil; Araguari, Brazil; Traralgon, Australia; Union, N. J.; San Miguel, El Salvador; Polo, Ill.; Wayland, Mich.; Red Creek, N. Y.; The Nilgris, India; Bhopal, India; Lomas de Zamora, Argentina; Ilhéos, Brazil; Quitilipi, Argentina; Kimberley, B. C., Canada; Fillmore, N. Y.; Cave City, Ky.; Itabuna, Brazil; Hoopeston, Ill.; Lathrop, Mo.; Jaguarão, Brazil; Woodlake, Calif.; Quinwood, W. Va.; Akureyri, Iceland; Irati, Brazil; Birdsboro, Pa.; Sharon, Mass.; Andradas, Brazil; Pickering, Ont., Canada; and Grundy, Va.

## Double 'Fourth Object' Meeting

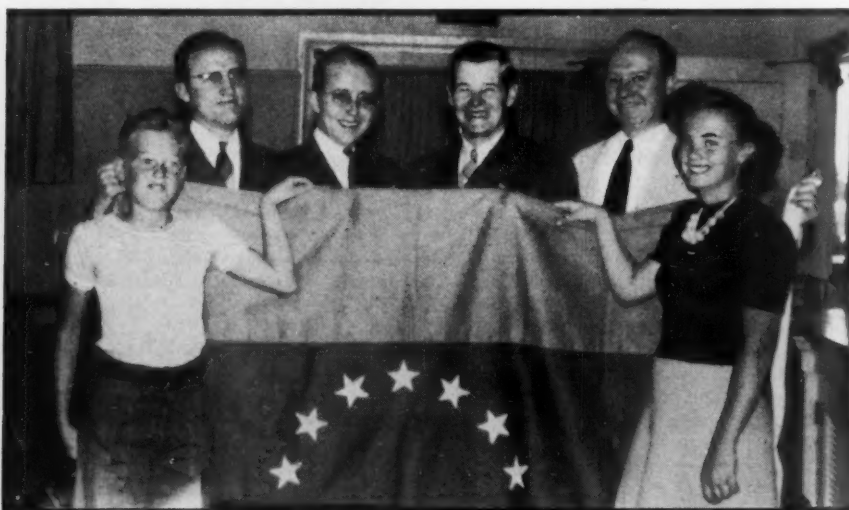
**Double 'Fourth Object' Meeting** An International Service meeting in an international church: that was the unique experience of the Rotary Club of SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT., CANADA, recently, which Rotarians of SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH., shared as guests. The church, the All Peoples' United Church, draws its members from 14 countries. It has a collection of 47 flags, gifts from the Governments of the countries. . . . Once a month the Rotary Club of GARDEN CITY, MICH., holds an "open forum" meeting, at which problems of interest to the community—local or national—are discussed by the members. On reading *A Job for Rotarians* (January ROTARIAN), they made the seven questions raised therein the order of business for the next forum meeting—a fine way to open up discussion on post-war problems.

**City Council**  
**100% Rotarian**

**City Council**      **WOODBURN, OREG.,**  
**100% Rotarian**      believes in Rotary—  
that is, if election  
results are to be believed. The Mayor  
and all four of the city's councilmen are  
members of the local Rotary Club.

## Club Claims Rotary 'Royalty'

**Club Claims** For three years, or  
**Rotary 'Royalty'** ever since the  
event's beginning,  
the "king" of the annual ST. JAMES,  
MINN., Winter carnival has been a Ro-



**A FLAG** from Caracas, Venezuela, for one of the two Pan-American Clubs sponsored by the Rotary Club of Crescenta-Cañada, Calif. See page 26 for the story of other similar clubs.

## Loan Boy Digs Ditch to Sky

**Loan Boy Digs Ditch to Sky**

The Rotary Club of LAREDO, TEX., is proud of its student loan boy, George Maher. Although aided by a loan, George found it neces-



WHILE aiding the Connersville, Ind., Rotary Club to add \$300 to its crippled-children fund, "Rubinoff and his violin" visited one of the patients and gave an "exclusive concert."

sary to earn the rest of his law-school fees himself, digging ditches for part of the money. Now graduated from the University of Texas, George has been accepted as a student pilot at Kelly Field.

## Youth Returns the Toast

**Youth Returns  
the Toast** Sons and daughters of Rotarians, who attend St. Olaf or Carleton College at NORTHFIELD, MINN., are frequent guests of the local Rotary Club. In return, the guests sometimes put on the program for the Club. . . . The Rotary Club of ALBERT LEA, MINN., sponsors a plan by which every fatherless boy of the community is "adopted" by some Rotarian. This gives a personal male contact for the youths that they might otherwise miss.

Another group who have gained from personal contact are the delinquent children of LOS ANGELES, CALIF., where newspapers openly give the Rotary Club

credit for a drop in juvenile delinquency from 72 per 1,000 to only 14. One paper lauded editorially the financial aid given social-service agencies by the Rotary Club and, also, for "taking personal interest in the boys and generally acting as unofficial, unobtrusive, and devoted counselors and leaders."

#### Indian Clubs Find Much to Do

The Rotary Club of ASANSOL, INDIA, has organized a District Charitable Society to furnish food, shelter, transportation, and employment assistance to beggars and other indigents. . . . The COCHIN Rotary Club has helped, financially, the orphanage, poorhouse, school for the blind, and the Cochin State Cyclone Relief Committee and supplied funds for purchase of reading matter for troops.

Typewriters with Braille keys were purchased with funds raised by members of the CALCUTTA Rotary Club for the use of the blind.

#### Yum, Yum! Ham, Gravy, and Fixin's

Members of 12 Missouri Rotary Clubs sat down to inter-city fellowship at the sixth annual red ham gravy dinner of the Rotary Club of CENTRALIA, Mo., recently. There were 200 present to savor the fried country ham, red gravy, and other proper eatables, and they came from TARKIO, COLUMBIA, MOBERLY, MEXICO, FAYETTE, BOWLING GREEN, PARIS, MADISON, HUNTSVILLE, SLATER, ST. CHARLES, and, of course, CENTRALIA.

**Boonville Boys Make Vocal Noise** Two boys from the same Texas town, cadets at Kemper Military School, BOONVILLE, Mo., were winners of the declamation and oratory contests at a forensic meet held there recently. Two cups donated by the Rotary Club of BOONVILLE were presented to the winners of the dramatic-reading and impromptu-speaking contests.

**Future Farmers Feast Freely** Having sponsored a group of Future Farmers of America at the local high school for three years, the PURCELL, OKLA., Rotary Club gave a dinner for the boys and their parents.

**Listen—'The Americas Speak!'** By commercial radio stations, by short wave, and by frequency modulated stations, the weekly program of Rotary International, *The Americas Speak*, is being broadcast on Sunday afternoon. Originating in the Chicago station of the Mutual Broadcasting System at 3 P.M., E.S.T., the action switches to the country being "saluted" for the second part of the program. Local Mutual stations carry the program at different hours, so check with your own station.

The program for March 1 has been changed: Instead of following the schedule published in the January ROTARIAN (page 31), present plans call for a switch to Havana, Cuba, on that date. On March 8 it will be Bogotá, Colombia; March 15, Quito, Ecuador; March 22, Lima, Peru; March 29, La Paz, Bolivia.



BECAUSE Stoughton, Mass., had no ambulance and might need one, the Rotary Club got busy and presented this excellent one. Last year the Club sent a "rolling kitchen" overseas.



BUFFALO, N. Y., Rotarians are actively interested in the Salvation Army, and the Rotary Club furnished this homelike room in the Salvation Army's new Home and Hospital Building. Photo: Pringle & Booth



CLOTHING for Britain, shipped by the Toronto, Canada, Rotary Club (story on page 47), was increased by this lot, made by factory girls, employed by a Rotarian, in their noon hour.



THE "ROTARY Roto-Cade" of the Belding, Mich., Rotary Club attracted 4,500 people to see a water-borne parade (Rotary Club "float" in rear), birling, and other water feats.





## Scratchpaddings

**RECORD HOLDERS.** Two Rotarians with long records of perfect 100 percent attendance, who were unable or too modest to send portraits to be included with those displayed in this department last month, are WILBERT BURDITT, who completed 15 years of perfect attendance at his Rotary Club of Rutland, Vt., before being elected an honorary member, and FRANK FLYNN, a charter member of the Trinidad, Colo., Rotary Club, 21 years without a miss.

**Honors.** In recognition of 30 years of service in the governmental survey department, the Rotary Club of Bogotá, Colombia, presented a medal to ROTARIAN DR. JULIO GARZON NIETO at a banquet in his honor. The American Ambassador to Colombia, SPRUILLE BRADEN, presented him with the Charles P. Daly Medal of the American Geographical Society. The President of Colombia and many other officials were present. . . . ROTARIAN J. PARFITT, of Reading, England, is the new president of the British Dental Association.

The pen with which PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT signed his nation's recent daylight-saving law was sent to ROTARIAN ROBERT P. GARLAND, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is known as the "father of daylight saving" in the United States. . . . The new Boy Scout commissioner for Burma is ROTARIAN U BA LWIN, of Rangoon, the capital city of Burma.

SIR ALEXANDER F. ROBERTS, of Wellington, New Zealand, Past Rotary District Governor, has been named representative of the British Ministry of War Transport in New Zealand. He thus adds the duty of coordinating food shipments to his work as Embarkation Officer for troops, in which he is assisted by ROTARIAN DAVID A. EWEN, also a Past District Governor.

J. MILTON PATTERSON, of Baltimore, Md., Past District Governor, is the new president of the American Public Welfare Association.

EUGENE T. WHITE, Warsaw, Ind., Rotarian, has been selected by the Governor of his State to represent Rotary on a defense committee on "Children in a Democracy." . . . GEORGE C. HAGER, Past President of Rotary International, was recently decorated by the Brazilian Government with the insignia of an "Officer of the Southern Cross," as an indication of the high regard in which Rotary is held in Brazil.

**Letter from France.** A former war prisoner in Germany, now repatriated because of the release of officers who fought in World War I, who had been receiving parcels sent to Rotarians by the Rotary Relief Committee, writes:

As you know, in prison camps the correspondence is greatly limited. In my case the forms which I received did not even suffice to give the members of my family news of myself, particularly since as a result of the war, they are very much scattered. It

was not therefore possible to thank you as I would like to have done and I apologize for having sent you simple "acknowledgments of receipt" when I should have liked as much to express to you all the joy which your parcels brought into our poor prisoners' existence.

I literally suffered because I could express my gratitude only through printed sheets and cold cards.

I want you to know that your parcels were for me—or rather, for us, because other comrades in captivity also profited by them—like a ray of sunshine in the dark night of our existence, which was deadly in its monotony.

**London Letters.** At Rotary's Denver Convention last June, a number of Past Presidents of Rotary International signed a card sent to PAST PRESIDENT SYDNEY W. PASCALL, who answered from London to PAST PRESIDENT ARTHUR H. SAPP, of Huntington, Ind., saying, in part:

We have just had a visit from PRESIDENT DAVIS, and he has done a good job of work. His was a brave action, and an inspiring one, and we are grateful.

It doesn't seem two years since the war began, and yet sometimes one almost feels as though the war has been going on and on for as long a time as one can remember.

We got quite accustomed to air raids every night, and very frequently during the day. For some months now we have been practically free from them.

In a letter from T. D. YOUNG, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, we find:

I'm fire watching tonight (twice weekly) all is very quiet. This part of the world has had it badly. . . . Horribly messed up, but we are still kicking. You know, it is far better to have a job to do in a blitz than sit in a cellar and wonder what will happen. Give me the open air and a tin hat. . . .

I had to present last week some mobile X-ray units and asked the office for a list of what Rotary had done; it was a fearsome list.

FRED R. BURLEY, President of the London, England, Rotary Club, writes:

Londoners have certainly proved their capacity to take punishment, and I expect will have to take plenty more, but we are at last confident of the ultimate result, especially as we are getting such valuable cooperation from you good folk in the U. S. A.

**Far East News.** The many friends of CARLOS P. ROMULO, Past Vice-President of Rotary International, will be interested to learn that at the beginning of hostilities he was called into military service as a major, and grieved to hear that in the bombing of Manila, his extensive newspaper properties were badly damaged, possibly completely destroyed.

From LEO B. ROBBY, Secretary of the Wahiawa-Waiialua, Hawaii, Rotary Club, comes a note:

Your Secretary . . . is now in the Army. The Club has not met since the blitz on

Photo: Hilland



PERFECT attenders (above) of the Tacoma, Wash., Rotary Club gather to see a 25-year 100 percent button pinned on Past District Governor Fred Randolph Smith (left center, shaking hands). Of the 12 men with ten years or more of perfect attendance who witnessed the ceremony, F. C. Kinnear (left) has 16 years; G. B. Guyles (third from left), 15 years; and A. H. Bassett (fifth from left), 19 years.

PLAQUES and buttons went to perfect attenders (right) of the Mount Clemens, Mich., Rotary Club: (from left to right) Harold Lindsey (20 years); O. Watz (15 years); H. Fenton (20 years); H. Chapoton (15 years); and L. W. Fast (20 years). William Kelly, 1921 Club President, makes the presentation.





December 7, and most of us had no sleep for a week later, mustering our defenses. We will meet again on January 8. . . . When the first bomb hit, I jumped out of bed and got dressed, got to my station at Wahila Courthouse. My children ran out of the house to see the show, but the machine-gun crew in front of the house chased them back. . . . Some sight to see enemy planes flying over your house with machine guns snorting, to see bombs dropping. Had to pass through Wheeler Field to get to the courthouse and through Wahila streets that were machine gunned. But in less than half an hour our defense unit was functioning. The three doctor members were working on the wounded. The fire wardens were putting out fires. The provisional police were directing traffic, and so on. Funny, we did not seek shelters. We had work to do and it was done. Every member of our Club did his share. . . . By the way, HARRY SHAW, who edited the Club publication for a year, is now CAPTAIN HARRY SHAW and the official censor for the Hawaiian Islands. . . .



**Crippled-Children Seals.** The annual sale of Easter Seals of the National Society for Crippled Children—a work in which many Rotary Clubs take a very active part—is now under way. The 1942 seal is illustrated here. The funds raised by this sale go toward the relief of crippled children.

**Mexican Trip.** As a reward for winning national championships in music and for high scholastic standing, five honor students of the Webster City, Iowa, schools are being taken on a trip to Mexico by ROTARIAN PAUL McNUTT, local bandmaster. Four of the boys are sons of Rotarians.

**Writers.** Among the new "thrillers" is a very timely naval mystery story, *Full Crash Dive*, by ALLAN R. BOSWORTH, Gilroy, Calif., Rotarian, at present on active duty with the Navy.

Another book of merry verse from the pen of LAURENCE MCKINNEY, Rotarian of Albany, N. Y., is entitled *Lines of Least Resistance*, and will tickle everybody—even those who are teased in it. Some of the verse first appeared in THE ROTARIAN.

If you want humor in a big way, read *Fun by the Ton*, by EDWARD ALLEN and ROTARIAN F. BEVERLY KELLEY, of Delaware, Ohio. It's about circus elephants.

**Back in Uniform.** After serving in the Royal Army Medical Corps in World War I, DR. JOSEPH H. GROVE settled in Paisley, Ont., Canada, and became such a part of the town's fabric that he was a charter member and first President of the Paisley Rotary Club. Now he has left, temporarily, to serve again in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

**For Servicemen.** Rotary Clubs with members elected to honorary membership while in the armed services should remember to send them THE ROTARIAN, if they wish them to have the magazine. This is brought to mind by a former Rotarian who writes:

If those of us who were Rotarians before we were called to the colors are still entitled to THE ROTARIAN, I would appreciate changing my address. . . . I hope this will be possible, because I enjoyed every issue. . . . but find that \$21 cannot be stretched.

Clubs wishing to keep their servicemen in touch with Rotary in this way

need only send name and address to THE ROTARIAN, and they will be billed when the subscription starts.

### Rotary Events Calendar

March 19-20—Aims and Objects Committee meets in Chicago (tentative).  
April 8-10—Executive Committee meets in Chicago (tentative).  
April 23-25—Finance Committee meets in Chicago (tentative).  
March 29 to June 13—District Conferences.  
June 21-25—International Convention, Toronto, Canada.

**'Honorable' Membership.** Not "honorary" but "honorable" membership in the Kenmore, N. Y., Rotary Club, with the classification "Friendship," has been accorded JOSEPH LOCKWOOD, a member of the Buffalo, N. Y., Rotary Club, who has been making up enforced absences from his home Club at Kenmore.

**Oink, Oink!** DAN ARCHER, President of the Perryton, Tex., Rotary Club, has instituted "The Order of the Live Hog." Members who fail to make up attendance have the privilege of keeping the pesky porker until someone else falls from grace and inherits it.

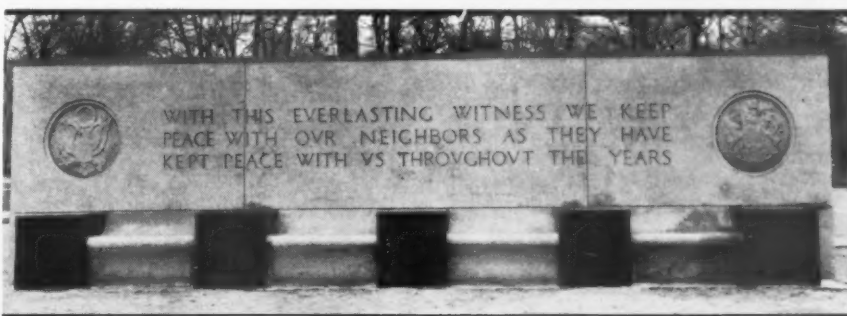
—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



DAUGHTER and granddaughter joined in the golden-wedding celebration of Rotarian and Mrs. W. F. Green, of Mountain View, Calif.



ALSO 50 years wed, and fêted, were Rotarian and Mrs. H. K. Caskey, of Asheville, N. C.



MEMORIAL to Canadian-U. S. peace, erected on Belle Isle in the Detroit River by the Monument Builders of America, Inc., while Rotarian C. P. Smith, Findlay, Ohio, was president. R. C. Hedke, Chairman of Rotary's 1942 Convention Committee, presided at the unveiling.



WHEN Franklin, Pa., Rotarians removed the "under" and made these lads "privileged" Cub Scouts, Rotarian I. J. Wycoff, Salvation Army captain, became leader of their new pack.

# Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

Farmers were, in many cases, unable to live on their farms. Our flour export, because of high freight cost, was lost to Argentina.

The depression came from this source. Freight rates are now three times—in some cases more—as much as in 1917. Railroads are bankrupt. The millions who depended upon railroad dividends and returns on railroad bonds lost their means of existence. The toll of suicides from this wholly unwarranted performance is appalling—such deaths could be classed as indirect murders.

There were about 1,200 strikes in 1915 and 4,300 in 1917.

Gompers professed loyalty and did his best to defeat our aims. His protestations were no more valuable than those of Green. Our Government is asking sacrifices in money and life and is doing nothing to curb the wave of treason termed "strikes."

Until it is realized that in a democracy, banding together to sabotage by any means the vigor of the country involved is treasonable, we shall continue with an internal warfare more dangerous than one with exterior enemies.

## An Idea for 'Club-Pub' Editors

From SAMUEL G. WETZLER, *Rotarian Chemicals Manufacturer*  
Roselle-Roselle Park, New Jersey

I liked the article *A Toast to Ye 'Club-Pub' Editor!*, by O. V. Koen [February ROTARIAN]. You see, as editor of *Rotary Chips*, Roselle-Roselle Park's bi-monthly publication, I was one of those toasted.

I've been doing something in our publication which may interest other editors. In order to give each member an insight on the fellows with whom he rubs elbows every Friday noon, I am getting out a biography of the life of each member. I limit the text to 400 words, which just suffices for one sheet of 8 by 11 mimeograph paper. Our members have agreed to cooperate by giving me their copies in time, on the threat that if they are late, the page would read, "*Bill Jones' life has been blank!*" That page was reserved for his biography and I'm sure it won't be left blank. My secretary does the mimeograph work; I do the scope work. It requires about three hours a month to get out the two editions.

It's a good way to get acquainted.

## Government Should Be Umpire

Believes HARRY B. HOPSON, *Rotarian Thread Manufacturer*  
Springfield, Massachusetts

Have just read the guest editorial in the January ROTARIAN [*Businessmen, It's Up to Us!*, by Francis A. Kettaneh], in which it is said that "... many of us have seen in our work only an exciting, all-absorbing pursuit of profits, or, what may be more dangerous, the power that great profits bring." All the powers that he then proceeds to enumerate may be controlled or dissipated by a Government that acts as an umpire and

protector under law, and such powers, after all, affect only a small portion of the people, but power given to the Government, without specification, is much more dangerous, because it is administered by men, in accord with their personal ideas and affects all the people.

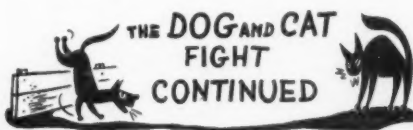
He further says that "governmental regulation and control are here to stay." No one can gainsay that, but there has always been such regulation and control in this country, and the standards of such control have been constantly rising. Never until recently (eight years or more), however, has such control been used for ideological experiments with the mass of the people and with the apparent intention of levelling the distribution of wealth, not up, but down.

Let us therefore rush to arouse public opinion (which in the history of our country has changed the opinions of our Supreme Court) to change the situation which confronts us, and return our Government to its proper place as an umpire and protector, and have done with uninformed experimentation, using our entire people as guinea pigs.

## Here's a Program Idea

From D. K. IRELAND, *Rotarian Insurance Executive*  
Bellingham, Washington

Three members of our local Club had charge of last Monday's meeting and each speaker discussed some subject which had appeared in THE ROTARIAN during this past six months. I feel the meeting was a success and I am certain our Club will use this program several times in the future. I pass the idea on. It worked here; I have no doubt it would work in other Clubs.



## Wow! A Last Bark

From BURGESS JOHNSON  
Debater, Professor, Author  
Schenectady, New York

Of course there is no similarity between the bond which unites man and dog and the liking which some human beings have for cats. The first is a natural and inevitable relationship. Men love dogs, dogs love men; they were created that way. But fondness for cats is an acquired taste, like enjoyment of olives. Some queer characters naturally like olives, it is true, but a normal person must teach himself to like them. No human being instinctively loves a cat; the instinct is all the other way. He has to learn first to overcome distrust or actual repulsion, and then learn to love it.

I once liked Louis Untermeyer, and I still do in spite of everything, but I begin to realize how true it is that poets are queer.

His scurrilous rejoinder to my feline remarks [debate-of-the-month, February ROTARIAN] is more interesting as a commentary upon the author than upon cats. After all, is not truth more likely to be found in the calm and cool rea-

soning of a professor than in the pulsating panegyrics of a passionate poet pouring out praises to a perverse and predatory puss? I ask you! He admits that he is already under the influence of five—or is it seven?—cats.\* Let them alone and there will soon be 77. Then the world will have one less poet and the Hudson River State Hospital one more inmate.

P.S. It's a pity he couldn't have been more impersonal in his argument.

\* No, nine.—Eds.

## A Rejoinder

From LOUIS UNTERMAYER  
Poet, Debater, and Ailurophile  
Elizabethtown, New York

Alas, poor Dr. Johnson! As stubborn in argument as one of his own canines, he continues to egg on—or should I say put on—the dog. Will nothing convince him?

In the flood of mail which came this morning to commend my defense of cats—a tribute to man's finer felines—I discovered two items which might persuade the learned doctor he is barking up the wrong shin. The first comes from—of all places?—the Rotary Club of Liverpool, England, and is part of an address by Reginald Gamble, Esq., F.R.E.S. In the midst of a passionate discussion of "Rats and the War Effort" Mr. Gamble stresses the fact that should be known to every school child: that in the year 958 it was a criminal offense to kill a cat. Mr. Gamble implies, although he does not state, that had more people raised more cats, the universal rat problem would long since have been solved.

Another communication calls attention to certain passages from Nelson Antrim Crawford's book entitled *We Liberals*—not, as Professor Johnson might retort, *Wee Liberals*. The author gives aid and comfort to your correspondent by assuring him that the dislike of cats is a rationalization of an irrational fear, just as the love of dogs is an "out" for man's inferiority complex. The dog is kept around the household merely to flatter his master, says Mr. Crawford. "It fawns upon him and makes extravagant demonstrations over him, giving him daily a thrill comparable to that which comes from the annual Rotary award for perfect attendance."

Let me conclude with an acknowledgment. I am not a dog hater. I have bred dogs, chiefly huskies. I have one now—a really superior animal. The other household companions have brought out his noblest qualities. To say that he is almost human would be little him. He is learning to purr.

## Husbands Unnecessary

Recalls G. W. JEFFERS, *Rotarian Educator and Biologist*  
Farmville, Virginia

The debate-of-the-month on cats and dogs in the February ROTARIAN recalled a remark attributed to Miss Marie Corelli, who, when asked why she did not marry, replied, "Why should I? I have a parrot that swears, a dog that growls, and a cat that stays out all night."



# Peeps at Things to Come

**Tantalum for Broken Bones.** Tests of the noncorrosive metal, tantalum, for making strengthening plates and screws for broken bones show that the new technique greatly simplifies the problems of both sufferer and surgeon. The metal plates are fastened across breaks in bones and can be left in place without inconvenience later. Quick cures and regaining of strength are the rule.

**Cushions for Fruit.** Peaches, both feminine and fruit, find the new rubber latex foam cushioning advantageous. Georgia peach growers and North Carolina potato farmers use the new cushioning material to save bruising in handling at the packing plants. The human species find latex foam mattresses and seat cushions comfortable.

**Safe Oxygen Cylinders.** A new tough metal (its composition is a military secret) is used to make nonshatterable cylinders for the oxygen required by high-flying military aviators. Ordinary steel cylinders that suffice to hold oxygen under high pressure in nonmilitary use, shatter into dangerous shrapnel when struck by armor-piercing bullets. The hazard to airmen was greater from cylinders than from bullets, but the new alloy overcomes this.

**Job Wanted.** Water chestnuts and several other varieties of water plants seriously impede navigation and are expensive to mow and remove from rivers and bays where they form literal floating islands. The United States Department of Agriculture is attempting to aid Army engineers in solving the problem by finding uses for the pests.

**Resin from Pine.** Processing pine rosin by a new method converts it into a more useful product having a higher melting point and paler color than the original material. The polymerized resin has many of the same uses as the ordinary kind, but possesses advantages in certain applications, particularly in paints and protective coatings.

**Portable Water Purifier.** For the protection of troops in camp or on maneuvers, a new ozone generator mounted on a truck automatically and continuously purifies water from any available supply for drinking purposes. The capacity of a single unit, which pumps, filters, and sterilizes the water, is 9,000 gallons an hour.

**Glass-Block Windows.** People always want something else. At least that is what the glass-brick makers think. Having perfected glass building blocks which let light pass, but not heat or vision, the manufacturers are now offering glass units that one can see

through and that can be built into walls like their predecessors.

**Paint vs. Corrosion.** Protective coatings made with a chlorinated rubber base possess extraordinary resistance to corrosion by acids and are so widely used for this purpose in defense plants that the raw material has been placed under rigid priority control. Paints of this kind are also long lived on concrete.

**Blackout Preparedness.** Many dyes that can be used in paper, cloth, plastics, wood, and other materials possess to a remarkable degree the property of fluorescing (glowing) in the dark light of ultraviolet lamps. Applications of these compounds are already standard practice abroad where blackouts are habitual and they may soon be used in the United States to guide traffic out-of-doors and to keep production going in essential factories by guiding workmen in the dark of plants lit only by ultraviolet light. The principle has been applied to invisible laundry marks that can be read only in ultraviolet.

**Vitamin from Roses.** In war-torn Britain the fruit of roses is being processed for vitamin C, of which they are reported to be a particularly rich source. Thus even flower gardens are helping alleviate the effects of the shortage of oranges, lemons, and other imported fresh fruits. In Russia the soft outer shells of unripe walnuts are similarly processed to get vitamin C.

**Faster Blueprinting.** When so much depends on blueprints of plans and the like, a new type of ultraviolet lamp giving a higher intensity of the kind of rays which affect blueprint paper is speeding up the production of these essential copies. Output of prints can be increased severalfold by using the new lamp.

**Waste-Metals Recovery.** A new technique for recovering small traces of

metals in plant wastes and sewage employs one of the methods widely used to soften hard water. Zeolites, minerals which replace lime and magnesia in hard water with sodium or hydrogen, will also pick up tiny concentrations of copper and other metals. When the metals have been caught by the zeolite, they can be recovered at concentrations high enough to be useful by treatment with salt solution. The method may be useful in recovering values from mine waters now wasted.

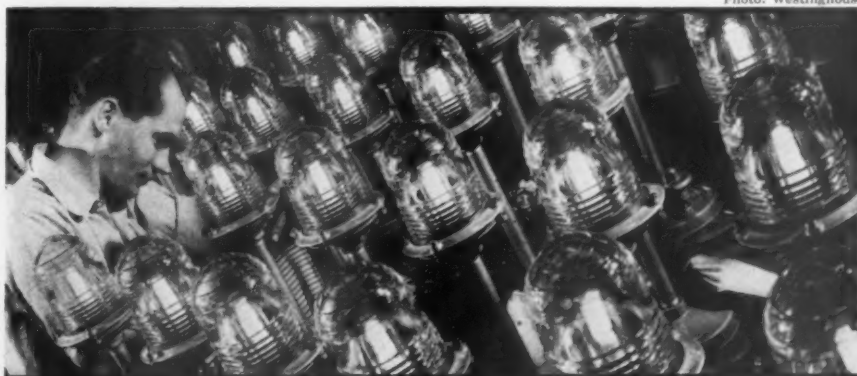
**Copper Replacement.** An unusually tough, flexible synthetic plastic, Saran is formed into tubes that can be used in many applications where soft copper tubing is now employed. The plastic is highly resistant to all types of chemical corrosive agents and need only be protected from heat to be effective as a substitute for copper. The same types of fittings are used as on copper tubing. The plastic has superior flexing properties where repeated bending or vibration are encountered.

**Dehairing Hides.** A new synthetic agent for removing hair from hides before tanning not only yields a leather with finer grain and "feel," but at the same time permits the removed hair to be used for other purposes. It is particularly useful in making white or light-colored leathers.

**Pickling Agent.** Various acids and solutions have been used in finishing metals to remove scale formed on their surfaces during high-temperature milling, but other present demand for the common pickling agents has created shortages and led to a search for others. One of the new pickling agents which is both plentiful and effective is ferric (iron) sulphate. Tests both in the laboratory and in commercial operation have proved the efficiency of ferric sulphate to replace chromic and nitric acids in pickling stainless-steel sheets, copper alloys, and ordinary carbon steel products. The savings of chromic and nitric acids for more essential uses and the economy of the ferric-sulphate pickling process are both important.

*This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.*

Photo: Westinghouse



MOUNTED on a doughnut-shaped rubber tube, these seadrome lights can be placed to make any open-water area into a seaplane landing base. They are turned on and off by radio.



## Opinion

### A Parable

A. P. JOHNSTONE, "Y" Executive  
Secretary, Rotary Club  
Athol, Massachusetts

Once upon a time there was a Rotarian who was fresh on the job. He started off by going to all the Conferences there were, read all the stuff he could get his eyes on, and was right on his toes—in fact, on the very tip of 'em. Then came extra work—demands on his time for this and that and rafts of literature. So he didn't have any more time for Conferences or to read anything except *Life* and the "funnies." But invitations to Conferences poured in on him and he was flooded with circulars from Rotary sources. He had to do something about these, so he began to build a nice little shell. When the going got too hot, he'd crawl into it and work a bit on the walls, both raising them and making 'em thicker, until presently it was all he could do to get in or out of this shell. One day he fell asleep inside, whence he had flown to escape a visit from "those Rotary guys" who had called to see what had become of him. A kind fairy or something had walled up the hole while he slept, and when the visiting Rotarians found the shell and broke it open—lo, there was nothing there!

The moral: He who never gives, never really gets.

### Design for Livin'

MORTON HULL, Rotarian  
President, Henry G. Sears & Co.  
Holyoke, Massachusetts

Here's a bit of philosophy I wrote and try to practice. I find in so doing that my path is directed by Rotary signs all along the way:

Me—worry? No, sirree!  
For I'm the guy I live with, see!  
Clutter up my dome with woes?  
What's the good? Taint sense! I knows!  
Each conscious day I just adore,  
Plus mem'ries of the day before.  
Tomorrow's sure to come in stride,  
Without my bein' notified.  
I keep happy at my chore,  
And this or that, and a heap lot more;  
Simply 'cause I've got no room  
To nurse that loafer, Old Man Gloom.  
Listen! You! Who fret and stew—  
Just live today and love it, too.  
Every day's that way with me!  
Me—worry? No, sirree!

### A Prayer: Mother

WILLIAM PORKESS, Rotarian  
Rector, St. Stephen's  
Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania

O God, Almighty, we thank Thee for all the influences that have surrounded and helped our lives. Especially would we pause and think of what our mothers have meant to us. When we were unable to feed ourselves, they fed us. When we could not walk, they carried us.

When we knew nothing about the values of life, they guided us in our choices. When Thou wast meaningless to us, they gently revealed Thee as our loving Heavenly Father. Our mothers indeed have been our greatest educators, and we are grateful for all that they have taught us. Help us, O God, as sons, to couple with our gratitude lives that shall be radiant with manliness, noble thinking, and unselfishness of purpose. Thus shall we really honor them, and at the same time prove that they have not lived in vain—"Though dead they yet speak." Hear us in this, our prayer, that is not only on our lips, but also in our hearts, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—Offered as a Mothers' Day tribute at a Rotary Club meeting.

### Rotary's Meaning

E. P. CONNOR, Rotarian  
Lumber Manufacturer  
Monticello, Arkansas

To me, Rotary is a medium for the exchange of the treasures of human fellowship between men who have a common purpose in mind—that of personal and civic betterment. Personal development comes first and the development of the community, the state, and the nation follows closely in its wake. At first glance, this conception of Rotary may seem narrow or selfish when the broader aim of "Service above self" is contemplated, but closer analysis will reveal the logic that the individual must be developed before he is fitted for the greater service which is Rotary's aim. That Rotary can and does develop the individual, I know from per-



"YOU'RE starting out with the wrong attitude for the second time, Slaughterhouse!"

sonal experience. Today I am much better fitted to live up to the Four Objects of Rotary than I was ten years ago, when I first became a member of a Rotary Club.

### Guilt Brought the Scourge

LIEM BWAN TJIE, Rotarian  
Architect

Semarang, Java, Netherlands Indies

Always after a period another ensues through which we must go as if it were a fire that might purify us, until "Within the four seas all mankind have become brothers and the Kingdom of God on earth shall come to pass." In the meantime we live under the scourge of God, the purifying fire of a world affliction, through which we must go. We must work and not despair, we must learn the lesson of our unhappiness, we must learn to see our faults—for this world catastrophe is the scourge of God that has come upon us as the inexorable result of the faults of our society. Is not everyone guilty in a greater or a lesser measure? For are not the happenings in the great society of mankind a culmination of the total of all our individual shortcomings?

### On Being Isolated

J. CURTIS DIXON, Former Rotarian  
Educator  
Atlanta, Georgia

The most important social agency in our society is the church and next to it is the school. For this latter educators have been long setting directions and formulating policies as well as devising techniques and procedures. But we have been too isolated a group. We have tried to set a pattern of education for a people we do not even know, though they are our own people. During the year I spent in the Rotary Club here I think I learned more of the problems, the hopes, and the aspirations of the businessman than I have ever known before. And it would be a godsend if those who plan our programs of education could know more of what the businessman thinks. By the same token it would be a godsend if the businessman knew more about his schools and the problems faced by those who administer them.—In a letter to the Rotary Club of Atlanta, Georgia.

### Unity Calls for Discipline

C. A. SOORMA, Rotarian  
Barrister at Law  
Rangoon, Burma

It is true that unity cannot be achieved without subordinating individual ambitions and self-interest. It is equally true that without discipline, unity is impossible. Take the case of a symphony orchestra. There you have a number of instruments played by different persons, each one of whom plays a different tune and score, and yet they all combine to produce melody and harmony. They do this under the guidance of the conductor. Similarly, in other forms of human activity, an ever-present sense of discipline, of fellowship, of teamwork, is absolutely necessary for the common weal of all.—From a Rotary Club address.

## Lower Income Tax Exemption?

No!—John Noe

[Continued from page 15]

How much will this yield? Nowhere near the 9 billion dollars needed. The average contribution would be no more than \$15 at the highest. And to collect it, we must add an army of new clerks, new field workers, and acres of floor and desk space. This at a time when workers and rentable space are at a premium!

It isn't economic, it isn't sensible, and it isn't fair.

Furthermore, we throw the entire burden of figuring the tax on the men who have neither the time nor experience with fiscal matters to figure it fairly. Either unfortunate Mr. A., who makes \$25 a week and is buying a home for himself and wife, pays a tax on the simplified form, not knowing he is entitled to deduct his taxes and interest, or he figures out as best he can and lives under the shadow of having to explain his bookkeeping—which is on the backs of old envelopes—to a field man.

"Increased income taxes," said Dr. O. M. W. Sprague, economist of Harvard University and former advisor to the Bank of England, "are not the solution." Instead, Dr. Sprague advocates increased surtaxes—that is, the burden on the men best able to pay—and increased excise taxes. The proposal to increase the income tax was heralded by Wisconsin's Senator Robert M. La-Follette, Jr., as "a vicious assault on the rank-and-file taxpayer."

The proposition to lower the allowance for dependents has not received so much attention, but it bears on a very important problem of American life—the falling birth rate. Children are not being born, because young couples cannot afford them. And, inadequate as it is, the savings of the present \$400 exemption have influenced many a family to add to its burdens.

The dual purpose of the increase in taxes is to raise needed revenue now and to postpone the purchase of durable goods to prevent inflation. Are babies to be classed as "durable goods"? Take away the advantages of a decent allowance for dependents and you will automatically depress our already dangerously low birth rate.

With the proposal to postpone buying, forcibly, so as to prevent inflation, I am in complete accord. But I maintain that taking 90 million dollars from the little man will not do it and will only add one percent of the 9 billion dollars needed in the current fiscal year. Why—even the heaviest income tax of our history is geared to produce only 3 bil-



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lion dollars, in all, in the current year!

Why not actually apply the brakes to inflation and raise needed revenue at the same time by taxing those who have it to spend? In suggesting a method, I bow once again to Senator George and to Dr. Sprague, who have suggested two ways that can be combined to produce this result.

A general sales tax on everything except foodstuffs, clothing, fuel for home heating, and medicines would act in this way. It would cut down the amount available for purchase of durable or temporary goods and would yield plenty of revenue. Best of all, only those with a surplus could buy. The little man, whose every cent goes for food and clothing and shelter, would not suffer.

What of the man who buys more food? After all, the amount of staples that each man, rich or poor, consumes is very nearly constant. Let these be free of the tax. But the luxury foods—the *pâté de foie gras*, the caviar, the select grades in canned goods—slap a heavy excise tax on them and those who must have them can pay.

Clothing can be likewise rationed—so much per person comes without tax, but excess clothes and clothes above a certain price can carry an excise tax. We already have an excise tax on furs—

extend this to excess or luxury clothes.

Fuel for keeping houses warm is a necessity, but there is no necessity for excess rooms in luxury houses being heated. Base the fuel ration on people served by the shelter, and tax the excess in large houses that shelter one limited family.

Thus, with a general sales tax on everything except the bare necessities of life and an excise tax on everything above that minimum, you can achieve a reasonable fairness, based on ability to pay; a brake on run-away inflation; fluidity in income, for sales and excise taxes can be adjusted rapidly, without the present lag in income taxes; by continuing the present income tax, a cut on all incomes, whether hoarded or spent; and, by continuing the present feeble allowance for dependents, a little help for our flaccid birth rate.

In contradistinction, the proposed increase in income tax by broadening the base will achieve only a gross increase of one percent of the necessary goal at the cost of an increase in tax-eating employees, an increase of 6 million potential income tax criminals (most of them innocent of any such intent)—and the problem of raising the bulk of your needed 9 billion dollars still unsolved!

## Change Your Pace

[Continued from page 38]

For one thing, I saw beauties that I had missed at higher speeds. I live in one of the great uncelebrated scenic spots of the United States. There are no travel folders to hymn its grandeur. Everyone rather accepts its charm as a matter of course, and I have concluded that one reason for this is that no one, save perhaps when mothering a new car, drives moderately enough to take in the region.

There is an old tulip tree on the way to the station. Its top is broken by a generation of storms, some of its limbs and members are missing, yet it survives with a pride and strength that shames me in moments of trifling discouragement. It has been there for years, but I never saw it while I was hell-bent for nothing. And there is a cathedral of trees and rocks on the parkway not a mile from where I live—a place of quietness and strength. Even to glance at it thoughtfully in passing is to experience a moment of vespers. I had never seen it until I changed my pace.

But it is not the beauties of Nature that gave me my greatest reward. It was rather the satisfaction of ridding myself of obsessive interest in pace itself. For it is not the process of merely slowing down that counts, but

of keeping at all times a sense of variety in tempo. To live life at largo would be deadly boring and no one, to my knowledge, could prove that it would be a good idea. The symphony you like or the musical composition that stirs you is neither fast nor slow throughout; it has as much variety in tempo as in mood; it is this in part that keeps interest keyed to the theme.

I began gradually to extend this principle of changing pace to other departments of living. In my work I have to talk a lot. Some days I feel that I am dully repeating what I have said a thousand times before. Now, naturally, it is well under such circumstances to strive after variety in expression, nuances, and twists of phrase that convey shades of meaning and keep one from getting bored stiff with one's own mouthings. But I have found it even more helpful to change occasionally the pace of my speech. I talk fast by nature. Hence the change with me involves slowing down and talking with measured tones, weighing each word and balancing it and letting its implications have their fullest play. Doing this adds immensely to my competence and ability in talking. But it does vastly more than this. It affords me a new and needed pleasure. I get a new con-

fidence and a new sense of reflection.

And haven't you seen dreary, methodical people who ought to try talking fast for a change? While they fumble vaguely with facts, ideas, and phrases, you'd like to jolt them into thinking a sentence through before they began it, so that words followed one another with logical sequence and some zip. It would add tremendously to their effectiveness. But it would add also to a new and more sparkling personality.

In our method of thinking, above all, change of pace can be invaluable. The almost universal curse of worry is simply thought slowed down to a stumbling and circuitous walk. To think through and settle once and for all a problem in the shortest possible time, and to act briskly and daringly on our decision, is to annihilate the problem of worry.

It is a good idea to study the ways in which pace can help you toward effectiveness. On your busiest days, try slowing down instead of speeding up. Linger over breakfast, pretend that you have a lifetime to accomplish the many things which must be crowded in before night. Live at slow motion. Instead of racing, make yourself stroll. And, paradoxically, when evening comes, you find that you will have actually done more work than you would if you had pushed yourself.

If we are hectic and rushed, it is not necessary to pull up stakes, move to the country, and drive a horse to change the pace of living. We incline to alibi ourselves out of using our knowledge of living by dreaming that we'd do better in circumstances other than those in which we are imprisoned. But it's not the city or business that wears us out; it's our response to it, our meeting modern life head-on without slowing down or speeding up.

"The cause of our breakdown lies," says William James, "not in the nature or amount of our work, but rather in those absurd feelings of hurry and having no time, in that breathlessness and tension, that anxiety of feature and that solicitude of results, that lack of inner harmony and ease by which the work is apt to be accompanied."

We cannot rid ourselves of a disastrous state of haste and hurry by a mere twitching of the will. We can rid ourselves of it only by learning to alter our speed, to introduce variety into pace with which we meet our exacting daily tasks. If you are hitting a terrific pace, rushing pell-mell, going helter-skelter, and losing your wits, slow down. You don't have to slow down forever: it's the change you need, the act of slowing down. Or if you are going too slowly, if you are not alert but stodgy and graceless in your living, "step on it" a while. What's unbearably tedious in one speed may be not only tolerable but delightful in another.



# Billy Phelps Speaking

[Continued from page 19]

frequency; he would enter the door and then say to himself, "I did this last Wednesday, and I am still alive." At public dinners I have sat next to those who were obliged to speak and I have distinctly heard their legs knocking against those of the table. Fortunately for me, if not for my hearers, I began public speaking at the age of 10.

Well, all this preamble leads up to a really good, practical, useful, and incidentally witty book by Louis Nizer, called *Thinking on Your Feet*. The suggestions are admirable, both for those who have to make a speech and for those who are forced to introduce them. The book is definitely helpful.

\* \* \*

And here, with the punning title *Seeing Stars*, is a splendid autobiography of a manager, an impresario, who rose from complete obscurity in a small Midwest town, to be the manager of John McCormack, William Jennings Bryan, Will Rogers, Mme. Galli-Curci, Mary Garden, and scores of other speakers, singers, and head-line-one-man-showers. Our friend is Charles L. Wagner. He went from what he calls coffee and sinkers to oysters and figs. He had a sure flair for the Real Thing; he was scrupulously honest; he was a glutton for work.

The first chapter shows him in the plenitude of his powers, managing "attractions" in every section of the U. S. A., opening the morning mail and keeping the long-distance telephone red hot. During this prolonged and highly successful period, he seems to have risen at 6 o'clock; been at the office at 7:30; playing solitaire to calm himself, 7:30 to 8; busy from 8 to lunch (if he had time for lunch); busy from 2 till 7; then busy from 8 P.M. till 4 A.M.; and, after two hours' sleep, starting the wheel again—and loving it. A lion tamer and, what is more difficult, a lioness tamer, he seems to have preserved in the storm of activities an unbreakable serenity. One expects this book to be filled with anecdotes and incidents, close-ups of the great, side-splitting stories, and revelations of human nature. One's expectations are more than satisfied; every chapter is entertaining. The illustrations are excellent, and I especially recommend the picture of the board of directors (page 342). Mr. Wagner is lovable; I should think even those hopefuls whose ambition exceeded their ability could not help liking the man who turned them down.

\* \* \*

Some new murder stories I recommend are *Silent Are the Dead*, by George H. Coxe, which has motion as

well as emotion; *The Crooked Hinge*, by John Dickson Carr, very good indeed; another by John Dickson Carr, *The Man Who Could Not Shudder*, delightful and remarkably well written; *The D. A. Cooks a Goose*, by E. S. Gardner, the only "D. A." story by this murder expert that I have enjoyed, but he fooled me this time by a real thriller; and *The Black Door*, by Cleve Adams, the first of his I have read, and an appetizer for more. Wow!

\* \* \*

As the 100th anniversary of the birth of Sidney Lanier was celebrated at Johns Hopkins University and elsewhere on February 3 of this year, let me recommend *The Life of Sidney Lanier*, by Lincoln Lorenz, published in 1935. The author and the publishers combined to make this a very attractive volume.

\* \* \*

Although I am not a Catholic, I take pleasure in recommending *The National Catholic Almanac* for 1942, as it contains a great deal of useful information on general topics, and much historical, especially on United States history and present affairs. The Church calendar is

valuable for those who are not familiar with particular feast days; and the list of Popes is convenient for reference. I have myself had the pleasure of calling the attention of many Catholics to the similarity in length of reign, in the events that followed in the next centuries—18th and 20th—and in character between Pope Innocent XII and Leo XIII. See Browning's Speech of the Pope in *The Ring and the Book*.

And as the *Almanac* is filled with definite facts expressed in prose, so from the same press comes a beautiful little book of exactly 13 pages called *Four Girls and Other Poems*, by Sister M. Madeleva. These pages are true poetry, and some of them are very striking. For example:

## WARDROBE

*My love gave me a king's robe,  
Mock purple and red;  
My love gave me a white coat,  
A fool's coat, He said;  
My love gave me a weft crown  
Of thorns for my head.  
Because he is my true love  
He wore them instead.*

And now, as the *Catholic Almanac* contains a vast amount of information useful to non-Catholics, so a new book by a distinguished professional lawyer contains just what the nonlawyer ought to know. The author is Morris Hadley, and the title of the work is *The Citizen*

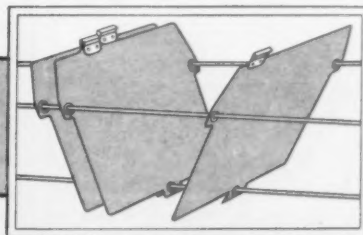
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and the Law. Here in 350 pages are chapters on "The Law of Government," with subdivisions on "The Voter," "The City," "The State," and "The United States." Other divisions of the book are called "The Law of Procedure," "The Law of Persons," "The Law of Property," "The Law of Organizations," and "The Law of Crimes." All things pertaining to the daily life of the ordinary citizen are discussed with great clearness. In fact, I do not see how any book could better fulfill its purpose or a difficult subject be more clearly expressed. I do not think anyone could read the first paragraph without acquiring an immediate respect for the author and a high anticipation of what is to follow:

"This book is about the law. People usually make the acquaintance of the law only when they run into trouble, or some particular problem arises, and they go to a lawyer for advice. In this same way many people take health for granted until they are startled by illness and have to go to a doctor. In either case it is necessary to have trained specialists, lawyers in one instance and doctors in the other, and nothing can take their place. Even a healthy person, however, may be interested in learning something about the field of health and disease, as a matter of general interest, or as a guide if emergencies should arise. Similarly a man with no immediate legal problem may be interested in a general picture of the law, since the law today affects him in nearly everything he does, in his ordinary actions as well as in moments of crisis. Such a general picture I propose to give in this book."

*Challenge to Think*, by Dr. Powell Spring, is the result of 20 years of meditative thought. Dr. Spring has lived in Europe; is thoroughly acquainted with ancient and modern languages; has read many works on history, philosophy, and religion; and has written this book entirely in short paragraphs so that the reader can open it anywhere. It exemplifies the title in crisp, original sentences and quotations from men of genius. Whatever might be said about this book, it is certainly challenging. As the author honestly says, it is "the challenge of living ideas touching upon basic questions." Open it anywhere, and you will find something arresting. It is therefore good to have it within reach.

In connection with the recent admission of Stephen Foster to the Hall of Fame, I am glad to recommend *Songs of Stephen Foster*, words and music (25 cents), all in one stiff paper pamphlet of 111 pages, edited by Director Will Earhart (what a name for a musician) and Professor Edward B. Birge, a former Bloomington, Indiana, Rotarian. This is the University of Pittsburgh edition.

And, speaking of music: here is a

noble volume of over 600 pages, *The Opera: A History of Its Creation and Performance: 1600-1941*. This is bravely written by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. They prove that the title accurately describes the work. It is copiously illustrated, considers the opera biographically and geographically, has many pages of "recommended recordings," and an excellent index.

Turning from music to pictures, I think every home ought to have a copy of *Lincoln: His Life in Photographs*, by Stephen Lorant. This book is like its hero, tall and slender; and also for another reason: it cannot be overpraised.

Professor Erwin Haskell Schnell, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has written an excellent book called *New Strength for New Leadership*.

This little book has grown out of Dr. Schnell's long and intimate relationship with undergraduates, and President Karl T. Compton, "who needs no introduction to this audience," speaks in high terms of the author's relations with his students and of his book, which many outside of academic circles will find valuable and stimulating.

Paul T. Gilbert, now on the editorial board of the new morning newspaper in Chicago, the *Sun*, is a first-class specialist in writing humorous books for children; he has originality and charm. His latest is one of his best—*Elmer Buys a Circus*, illustrated by Anne Stosel.

I recommend to my readers seeing the professional tennis players when they visit your town during the present season. They are helping war work and they are giving proper diversion to thousands during wartime. Last evening in New Haven, Connecticut, I saw Riggs defeat Kovacs, Budge defeat Perry, and Budge and Perry defeat Riggs and Kovacs; despite the temperature outside, first time we have seen zero in six years, the playing was superb. It is always exciting to see anything done better than anywhere else in the world.

I think, whether a cattist or not, you will enjoy the following from the London *Spectator* for November 21, 1941. It is a letter by E. H. Blakeney on the sinking of the *Ark Royal*:

"Sir,—Few more touching episodes connected with the Navy have been recorded than the following. When the *Ark Royal* was torpedoed, and her doom certain, the crew was saved. But did the gallant fellows who formed that crew forget the ship's cats? No, indeed. Doubtless at some risk, and with not a little difficulty, they brought them all to safety. A beautiful act of tender con-

sideration for their humble friends, and one never to be forgotten."

Every month hereafter I mean to mention one book of an earlier century. This time: *Table Talk* of John Selden (17th Century). This great scholar wrote in Greek on the flyleaf of every one of his books, "Above all, Liberty." His *Table Talk* is full of shrewd wit.

**Books mentioned, publishers and prices:**  
*Thinking on Your Feet.* Louis Nizer. Liveright. \$2.50.—*Seeing Stars.* Charles L. Wagner. Putnam. \$3.—*Silent Are the Dead.* George H. Cox. Knopf. \$2.—*The Crooked Hinge.* John Dickson Carr. Harper. \$2.—*The Man Who Could Not Shudder.* John

Dickson Carr. Harper. \$2.—*The D. A. Cooks a Goose.* E. S. Gardner. Morrow. \$2.—*The Black Door.* Cleve Adams. Dutton. \$2.—*The Life of Sidney Lanier.* Lincoln Lorenz. Coward-McCann. \$2.75.—*New Strength for New Leadership.* Erwin Haskell Schnell. Harper. \$2.—*The National Catholic Almanac.* St. Anthony Guild Press (Paterson, N. J.). 75c.—*Four Girls and Other Poems.* Sister M. Madeleva. St. Anthony Guild Press (Paterson, N. J.). 50c.—*The Citizen and the Law.* Morris Hadley. Farrar & Rinehart. \$3.—*Challenge to Think.* Powell Spring. Rollins Press (Winter Park, Fla.). \$2.50.—*Songs of Stephen Foster.* Edited by Will Earhart and Edward B. Birge. University of Pittsburgh. 25c.—*The Opera.* Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock. Simon & Schuster. \$3.75.—*Lincoln: His Life in Photographs.* Stephen Loran. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.—*Elmer Buys a Circus.* Paul T. Gilbert. Grosset & Dunlap. 50c.—*Table Talk.* John Selden. Everyman's Library. 90c.

## For the Long Pull

(Continued from page 12)

General Electric Co., New York. Gratis.  
*Toward a New World Order*—Vera M. Dean, Foreign Policy Association, 22 E. 38th St., New York. 25c.

**Headline Books**—pamphlets of the Foreign Policy Association, especially *Toward a Dynamic America* and *The Struggle for World Order.* 25c each.

*Preliminary Report* (Nov., 1940)—*Commission to Study the Organization of Peace*—8 West 40th St., New York.

*European Plans for World Order*—American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia. 15c.

*Reconstruction after the War* (British Rotarians Present Ideas about)—an outline of the problem as viewed by the Reconstruction Committee of Rotary International in Britain and Ireland; copies available from Rotary International, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago. Gratis.

*Rangoon Rotary Scheme for Post-War World Reconstruction*—mimeographed digest of plans proposed by the Rotary Club of Rangoon, Burma. Address the Hon. Sec. S. Chatterjee.

*Thinking Ahead*—subtitled "A Study of Federation As a Plan for Lasting Peace," Rotary Club of Northwich, England. One shilling.

### PERTINENT BOOKS

It would take a book to list them all. Here are a few:

*The World's Destiny and the U. S.*—Conference of the World Citizen's Association, 86 E. Randolph St., Chicago, 1941, 300 pages. 50c. Comprising a complete basis of a plan for world reconstruction.

*The American Century*—by H. R. Luce, which first appeared in *Life*, is now to be had in book form. \$1. Our responsibility and duty in reclaiming the world from destruction.

*The Last Best Hope of Earth*—Harry Scherman. Random House. 75c. A plea for a new world order in which national States will be less important.

*The City of Man (A Declaration on World Democracy)*—Herbert Agar and 17 other thoughtful men. Viking Press. \$1. Before we can have better world we must rebuild our spiritual life.

*The Wave of the Past*—H. H. Markham, U. N. C. Press. \$1. Thoughtful

answer to Anne Lindbergh's *Wave of the Future.*

*Faith for Living*—Lewis Mumford, Harcourt Brace. Stimulating presentation of the existing situation, and of what we ought to do if we are to come, at last, to a better and more hopeful day.

*Two-Way Passage*—Louis Adamic, Harper. \$2.50. Proposing a grand scheme for rehabilitating the Old World, by getting influential first- or second-generation immigrants to return to their respective lands upon cessation of hostilities.

*Union Now*—Clarence Streit, Harper. \$3. Proposing federation of the "Great Democracies" as a nucleus of a future World Commonwealth of Nations.

*Where Do We Go from Here?*—Harold Lasky, Viking Press, \$1.75. An analysis of the basic causes of international chaos, and a sketch of the order that the author envisions, and that he believes we ought to work toward.

*America*—David C. Coyle, National Home Library Foundation, Washington, D. C. 25c. Intended to be an answer to Hitler's *My Struggle.*

*The Redemption of Democracy*—Hermann Rauschning, Alliance Book Corp. \$3. Former President of the Danzig Free State, now in the U. S. A., shows how the salvation of the world is the responsibility of America and Great Britain.

*The New World Order*—H. G. Wells, A. A. Knopf. \$1.50.

*The Road We are Travelling*—Stuart Chase, Twentieth Century Fund, 330 W. 42nd St., New York. \$1. The first of a series of studies on post-war problems.

### BACKGROUND BOOKS

All these are well worth reading—if you can spare the time:

*Outline of History*—H. G. Wells.

*Stream of History*—Parsons.

*The Epic of America*—J. T. Adams.

*The Republic*—Plato.

*Looking Backward*—Edward Bellamy.

*The Causes of War*—Arthur Porritt.

*The World Trends Toward Nationalism*—Amer. Academy of Political and Social Science.

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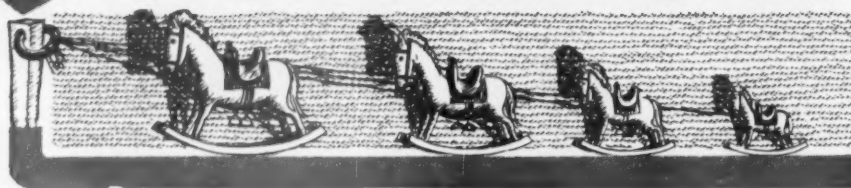
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# Hobbyhorse Hitching Post



FROM business to hobby is quite a common path, but seldom as happy a combination as has been achieved by ROTARIAN IRA J. HASKELL, of Lynn, Massachusetts. As a retailer of stockings (among the general merchandise of his department store) and a collector of old stockings in his spare time—but THE GROOM thinks it best to let him tell his own story, condensed from a prize-winning paper ROTARIAN HASKELL wrote. And guess what he did with the prize money? Bought stockings, of course—for his Rotary Club's shoe-and-socking fund! "I thought that as old stockings did it, new stockings should get the benefit." But here's the story.

**W**HEN I TELL anyone that my hobby is collecting old stockings, there are usually a snicker and a banal remark. But it is a true hobby—it gives me relaxation and pleasure, and I have learned a lot about my business through it. It began with a nice pair of old linen stockings, a gift from the Sabbath-day Lake, Maine, Shakers. Now I have more than 300 pair, all different, covering most of the varieties used in New England for 125 years.

Much has been written about the making of hosiery during the last 350 years, but it is incomplete, for there is no connecting story concerning the styles and other attendant circumstances. *Godey's Lady's Book*, the style monitor of the 19th Century, would be the logical place to look for this, but there is scarcely a mention of stockings in all those years—only one article, and that a history.

Probably the first invention to create goods in volume was William Lee's invention of a machine to make stockings. Queen Elizabeth refused him a patent for it, because so many people were producing stockings by hand, and she feared the effects of a machine.

It was in Elizabeth's day that knitted stockings came into use. Prior to that, they had been sewed up from woven fabrics that would not stretch, and had to be laced at the ankle. It was the eyeleted ankle for the lacing that gave rise to our present-day "clocks."

Today our machines are fundamentally based on William Lee's idea. While "full-fashioned" or fitted hose are usually produced today for most silk stockings, there are still some of the seamless or circular knit, where they knit a tube by the mile, cut to length, and add the foot. From 1850 to 1900 this was the volume production in the United States.

Few American factories have any collection of the hose they turned out, and such collections as there are usually start about 1900. In Nottingham, England, I saw a collection display of a

factory's products for 100 years. Museums have collections, but the stockings are usually an accessory to full costumes. My hobby seems to be unique—at least I know of no one with whom to swap duplicates.

Many of the "modern" touches exist in these ancient hose. The double-heel feature is in a pair from 1840 in my collection. An 1870 pair shows how a frugal housewife lined the heel with cloth. The "pointed heel" was made by hand 75 years before a well-known factory brought it out. I have a hand-knit pair with an extra upper part that produces the "giveable" effect of today's fashions.

The knee-length hose in my collection are women's, and full length often for men. Until the War between the States, women used knee-length hose and a knitted garter or a strip of "list," the selvage of cotton flannel.

Stockings vary with the prevailing styles. They were first a wrapped puttee effect, then the long tights and trunks of Columbus' time which Mark Twain said made men look like forked carrots. These divided into "upper stocks" or breeches and "nether stocks" or stockings. Men might show their legs—but women, no! Pantaloon and socks came in with the close of the 18th Century.

Where do I get my specimens? Usually from dusty trunks in old attics. I buy some, but those I really value most are gifts from friends, both personal and in the trade. But my collec-

tion is far from complete, so I'm still looking for more!

FROM stockings to handkerchiefs is not a far cry—and if it comes to a cry, hankies are handy things to have about! So, for collecting without tears, THE GROOM turns to MISS ELIZABETH C. MOYER, Assistant Secretary of the Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, Rotary Club, who writes of her hobby.

**Y**OU CAN sneeze your head off, but I won't lend you a hankie—at least, not one of the more than 50 in my Rotary-fostered collection.

It began in 1935, when Miss ELSIE HOLDER, of Hereford, England, wrote to me upon finding my name in the *Official Directory* of Rotary International as she arranged a schedule of Club meetings for her Rotarian "boss," who was making a trip to the Continent. A correspondence followed, and soon her letters brought English "boiling silk" handkerchiefs folded in with them, until now I have 21 specimens.

These magnificent specimens bear their name because they retain their fine texture and color even after boiling. They are designed in plaids, stripes, plain with plaid, floral, and dog borders—every one different. I've found them useful as well as collection items, and every one of mine has been laundered several times. Despite their high quality in textile and dye and the exquisite workmanship that transforms them from an all-silk square to a lovely handkerchief, I am told they are quite inexpensive.

Other countries represented in my collection are Mexico, France, China, Germany, Scotland, Belgium, and Sweden. Each handkerchief is typical of the country whence it came.

One of the Mexican hankies is a square of finely woven peach-colored cotton, an excellent example of the famed Mexican drawn work. The marks

Courtesy: Underwear and Hosiery Review



BALBRIGGAN, an Irish town, gave its name to unbleached cotton cloth and to hosiery. The left-hand four specimens from Mr. Haskell's collection are real balbriggans—the second even bears the trademark. Technically they are, left to right: "clocked," "novelty print," "red pencil stripe," and "fancy red stripe." The other two are American, hand-knit cotton.

of the embroidery frame still show around the edge. Another is a pale green crepe with a delicate hand painting in one corner of a pair of dancers. The *señorita* has a white lace petticoat under a red skirt trimmed with lace and tiny sequins.

A very fragile handkerchief of white linen, 13½ inches square, is among my treasures. It is more than a century old. Madeira scallops form the edge, with medallions embellishing the corners.

Most of my collection has come as remembrances from friends. Eight came from a Winter trip one of these friends made through the South and the West Indies to Mexico. Each stop brought me a treasure for my collection.

There is a Canadian tradition that a young woman is ready for marriage when she has 100 handkerchiefs. I still have a few more to go!

*PERHAPS, muses THE GROOM, it was a genealogist who reached for his manly handkerchief and said, "Read 'em and weep!" With this, ROTARIAN STANLEY H. ABBOTT would disagree.*

**T**HOUGH perhaps you cannot trace your ancestors back to the *Mayflower*, it is interesting and valuable to know something of your family history. So declares ROTARIAN STANLEY H. ABBOTT, of Hastings, Nebraska, who recommends beginning now to gather data for a family record.

Interesting to develop as a hobby, it may have considerable practical use as well, he says, for many legal disputes could be settled with an accurate record of family relationships. Undoubtedly it would have historical value, for this is the kind of material historians use in writing serious works. Or if those motives don't appeal to you, be assured that your descendants will thank you for such a compilation.

### What's Your Hobby?

*If you haven't a hobby, you're "different." If you have one, you'll be like all other hobbyists: you'll want to contact those who ride a similar steed. THE GROOM will be pleased to help you—free—if you're a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family. He'll list your name and hobby below.*

**Buttons:** Mrs. H. B. Rugg (wife of Rotarian—collects buttons, old and unusual; also old vinegar cruets), Wellman, Iowa, U.S.A.

**Buttons:** Nancy Jean Malmfeldt (daughter of Rotarian—collects buttons, preferably picture types), % Guardian Utilities Company, 215 E. Michigan St., Michigan City, Ind., U.S.A.

**Buttons:** Mrs. Joseph G. Frattini (wife of Rotarian—collects buttons; wishes to exchange), 3 Kemp Ave., Montpelier, Vt., U.S.A.

**Bookplates:** Mrs. Guy S. Simons (wife of Rotarian—collects bookplates, especially with Western theme; will exchange), Jerome, Idaho, U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Ellis Taylor (son of Rotarian—desires to correspond with pen pals all over the world), 309 Jackson St., Henderson, Ky., U.S.A.

**Mechanical Pencils:** Darrell M. Young (collects mechanical pencils bearing advertising—wishes correspondence with others similarly interested), Nevada, Mo., U.S.A.

**Postmarks:** Sonny Batchelder (son of Rotarian—collects postmarks 2 x 4½, including stamps; will exchange), Hotel Maples, Randolph, Vt., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** McCary Ballard (son of Rotarian—collects stamps; will trade with collectors in other countries), 2867 Habersham Rd., Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



"THIS book comprises an interesting and authoritative study of the peoples of the Near and Far East. . . . No one who reads this book can fail to gain a better conception of Eastern peoples and governments. Even if it had no other purpose, in that alone, it would be well worth while."

—PAUL P. HARRIS,  
Founder of Rotary.

## Making New Friends

**H**ERE is a book about Rotary that is different.

"Making New Friends" is not only a frank commentary on the countries of the Near and Far East—their customs, peoples, cultures, problems—but it is a story of Rotary in the Orient, that gives it unusual significance for Rotarians everywhere.

From the pages of this volume you can look behind the scenes of important cabinet meetings, secret religious rites, the House of Skulls, a Sultan's harem—and you can be a visitor at Rotary meetings where customs vary greatly from Rotary Clubs of the Western World.

And what a story of the universal appeal of Rotary! Jim Davidson's personal and official Rotary notes, included in this volume, give a vivid story of the organization of new Clubs—the problem of getting the first group together—the type of men chosen as officers—the first meeting—and the difficulties encountered in bringing together, under one banner, men with widely divergent viewpoints because of religious and political and social differences.

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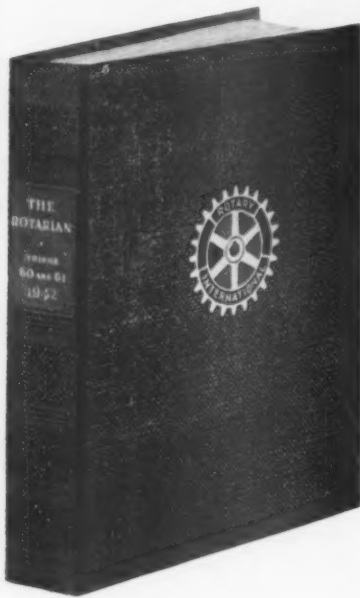
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### Words within Words

Within words as defined below are other words also as defined. Example: An animal in a distribution of prizes. Answer: L-ottery.

1. Fewer in hallowed. 2. A pointed instrument in one who quarrels noisily. 3. A direction in a well-known American Egyptologist. 4. A fermented liquid in a herdsman's hut in the Swiss mountains. 5. An enclosure in a style of furniture. 6. Opposite of gain in gigantic. 7. A fortified place in a state of content. 8. To rail in an agreement or promise. 9. A morass in a flat-bottomed sled. 10. A minor Turkish coin in a city of 182,000 population in the Republic of Chile.

### Hidden Cities

Hidden in each of the following sentences is the name of a city in which Rotary International has held one or more annual Conventions:

After a long drive over a dozen hills, we came to the place. At once we knew that the land was almost without equal around Pontiac—level and fertile and well irrigated.

Following a few appropriate remarks, the speaker took from the table a shining medal. "Last time I presented such a token of esteem, I was not aware I should be so honored again."

The concert hall was packed, the air tense with excitement. At last! Arturo Toscanini, center of the entire musical world!

The answers to the two problems above will be found on page 63.

### Cause and Effect

Sleepy hubby  
Driving late,  
(Duty pursuance)  
Wife gets  
Another mate—  
And insurance.

—Rotarian Gentry Keith

### Tales Twice Told

*A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.*

### Timely Note

"Is your daughter home from school for the holidays?"

"I think so. One of the servants said she saw her day before yesterday."—*War Whoop of the Senecas*, SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK.

### Precocious

A little girl of 5 was entertaining visitors while her mother was out of the room. One of the women said to the other, with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but aw-



"HE'S practicing to be a ventriloquist!"

### My Favorite Story

*Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Here is the favorite story of Rotarian F. W. Wolff, of Wabash, Indiana.*

Three friends started out to the country to hunt rabbits. They pulled up in front of a farm house and one of them, Mr. A., went in to ask permission to hunt. The farmer readily agreed and added, "While you are out there, I wish you would shoot the old horse in the field you will cross. I haven't the nerve to do it myself."

Mr. A. said nothing about the horse as he told his friends they had permission to hunt. When they came to the field, Mr. A. said, "I never did shoot a horse," pulled up his gun, and dropped the animal. His friends were amazed and indignant.

At intervals they repeated their condemnation of Mr. A.'s action. He noted some whispered words between the two and that they began to stare curiously at him. He guessed they had begun to question his sanity. Secretly delighted, he added some idiotic remarks which deepened his friends' suspicion.

As they started back to the car, they came to a fence, and Mr. A. pulled up his gun in the direction of the two and said, "I never did shoot a man." In two seconds his friends were over the fence and running for dear life.



fully s-m-a-r-t!"—*The Rotary Fellow*,  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

### Help Wanted

Bookkeeper: "I'll have to have a raise, sir. Three companies are after me."

Boss: "Is that so? What companies?"

Bookkeeper: "Light, phone, and water."—*Christmas Chimes*.

### All but One

The sergeant strode into the squad room. "All right, you x/@%\*!! apes, fall out!" he exclaimed.

The soldiers grabbed their hats and swarmed out—all but one, who continued to lie on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well," roared the sergeant.

"Well," remarked the rookie, "there were a lot of them, weren't there?"—*The Northamptonian*, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

### Makes Sense

Bobby: "Aren't you driving kinda fast, Daddy?"

Father: "You don't want to be late to school, do you?"

Bobby (thoughtfully): "No, but I'd much rather be late than absent."—*The Quill*.

### Settled Out of Court

"Here," said a man angrily to the railway official, "I got a cinder in my eye from one of your engines, and it cost me \$5 for a doctor to have it taken out and the eye dressed. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, my dear sir, nothing," the official replied suavely. "We have no further use for the cinder and you are quite welcome to it. From a legal point of view, the cinder was not yours, and no doubt you could be proceeded against for removing our property. But we will take no steps in the matter."—*Rotary News*, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

### Quick Return

Everybody knows how Theodore Hook used to take the wind out of pompous people's sails by going up to them and saying, "Pray, sir, are you somebody of importance?"

This was once tried on Beerbohm Tree, but it did not come off. Standing outside the Garrick Club one day, and possibly looking very pleased with him-

self, Tree was approached by a stranger who said Hook's very words.

Tree was not at all taken aback. Looking at the man with a cynical smile, he replied, "I don't think I can be, or I should hardly be seen talking to you."—*Dispatch*, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

### On the Dotted Line

The best line submitted to take the place of the dotted one below will bring someone \$2. Read over the four lines now there, add a fifth, and send the finished limerick to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Yours may be the winner. The Fixer must have it by May 1 so he can enter it in competition.—Gears Eds.

### Whatisit?

Whenever a Club I would visit,  
I make up at Cogville. Now is it  
The food that they serve,  
Or the pep and the verve?

### Far and Near

Rotarians in hundreds of Clubs whose pulses still quicken as they recall the recent holiday season will agree that the last line of the limerick below represents the action which took place in their community. The Rev. Ivan S. Rossell, a member of the Rotary Club of Sheffield, Pennsylvania, supplied the line, thereby wins the prize offered in the December ROTARIAN. Here is the limerick in its entirety:

*Our Club has a custom each year  
Of a party of Christmastide cheer*

*For those who at best*

*Have few chances at zest,*

*And we gather them in far and near.*

Interested in other rhyme words which led the large number of contributions? Here they are—just a few of them, that is: "gear," "clear," "rear," "fear," "dear," and "here."

Now go to work on the one above!

### Answers to Problems on Page 62

WORDS WITHIN WORDS: 1. B-less-ed. 2. B-aw-l-er. 3. B-east-ed. 4. Ch-ale-t. 5. Ch-lp-pen-dale. 6. Co-loss-al. 7. Com-fort-able. 8. Gua-rant-y. 9. To-bog-gan. 10. Val-para-iso.

HIDDEN CITIES: 1. Cleveland (Ohio), 1925 and 1939. 2. Dallas (Texas), 1929. 3. Nice (France), 1937.

### IF THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU

If you are called upon to make funeral arrangements, do you know where to turn with confidence?

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For the Program Maker—the 1941 Index to THE ROTARIAN is now available. Here is a convenient reference help. Order yours today from the office of the magazine: 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. No charge.

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"IT ORIGINALLY started when that guy up there bought himself an electric razor!"

# Last Page Comment

## THE FOUR OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## IT WAS NO NAVAL SECRET.

The two "blue jackets" were merely comparing snapshots—of sweethearts. Then a train rumbled up outside the station and the older lad got up to go. "Remember, Frank," he said, shooting out a brotherly hand to his mate, who seemed much in need of one, "think of the whole thing as just an intermission. That's what I do. It bucks me up."

## OFFHAND, SAILOR,

most of us would agree with you—that war is just an intermission. There is, however, a relationship between war and peace we are prone to overlook—but not overlooked by Sir Norman Angell in his stimulating article elsewhere in these pages. Nor by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, British military historian, who wrote, not long ago, in the *London Evening Standard*: "People do not realize that war is not an end in itself, but, instead, a means toward an end, the establishment of a peace which will be more acceptable to the world as a whole than the peace we know the enemy is aiming at." In other words, you cannot divorce what a war is for from the fighting of it. Your war goal is not just peace, but a certain kind of peace.

## ROTARY RECOGNIZES

that principle. It enjoins Rotarians to help plan the post-war world even while busy helping their nations wage war. Read President Tom J. Davis' article on page 7. It reports on a statement from the Board of Directors which reemphasizes the urgent need of such forethought and pre-planning. Note also that the Board proposes that the Secretariat serve as a clearinghouse for Rotary Club war-service projects and

ideas. For examples of these, see *Rotary Reporter*, page 46.

## THREE EASY THINGS

Rotarians as individual citizens can do in "national service":

1. Give that boy in uniform a lift. You may save him an hour or a day of his precious furlough. He won't mind if you drive slowly. He knows about the tires.

2. Plunder your home library for some *good* books—novels and technical works of recent vintage especially. (Ten million are being sought for the boys in the United States services.)

3. Squelch rumor. When someone starts off with, "My wife's cousin got it straight from her brother that . . .," develop a severe coughing attack or suddenly recall an important errand. Rumor is dangerous. Avoid it.

## THE VOCATIONAL SERVICE

Committee "had the program" at a meeting of the Rotary Club of the Heights of Greater Cleveland, Ohio, the other day. In a panel discussion, it threw this question to the 85 members:

*Can anything which is ethically wrong be economically right?*

They caught it, looked it up and down, turned it inside out, and applied it to defense business—and then cast a unanimous "No" as their answer. Now "The Heights" Club wonders how Rotarians elsewhere would answer it. How would they? The Club would like to hear. There's no doubt of what the Rotarian in the story below would say.

## AN ILL-DRESSED

work-weary woman stopped one evening at the shop of a Wisconsin tombstone maker. She had come to buy a monument for her husband's grave . . . and wanted

to spend \$600. Doubting whether a woman so obviously poor should spend so much, the proprietor drew from her the fact that this was all the money she had left after the \$400 funeral, and sold her a \$40 headstone. The balance, he advised, might well be saved for her small children. Further, he promised to watch the cemetery lot to see that no one else sold her an expensive stone—and no one ever has. That this man who deliberately talked himself out of a sure sale was a Rotarian may have had nothing—or everything—to do with all this. But remember the story when you're trying to tell a new Rotarian what Rotary's Second Object means.

## IS YOUTH SOFT?

That was a burning issue a few months ago. Today the question is largely academic, but back when it was hottest, we asked 50 Rotarians or Rotarians' wives in all parts of the United States what *they* thought about it. Here, in part, for what it may mean now, is what they answered: 88 percent thought today's youth healthier than were the young folks of 20 or 30 years ago . . . 100 percent thought them better informed on national and international affairs. . . . 74 percent thought that youth has an easier time of it than did their parents . . . 64 percent thought that modern youth has as much self-reliance and initiative as former generations. . . . Most felt that Rotary Clubs could best aid youth by "More personal contact, less posing, more vocational counselling."

Which reminds us to call your special attention to the annual observance of National Boys and Girls Week. The dates are April 25-May 2. Has your town plans?

## HERE'S A TIP

for Program Chairmen. Pan-American Day is April 14. Rotary Clubs throughout the Americas may want to observe it at their meetings during that week. An especially apt recognition of the day would be the formation of a Pan-American Club, such as Rabbi Morris A. Skop describes on page 26.

*- your Editor*

